

'45

VARSIJICOM

=====MRC=====



Since 1910 Mount Royal College has been one of the leading Educational Institutions of Calgary. Twenty-one years later, in 1931, it became a Junior College, affiliated with the University of Alberta. Hon. Vincent Massey designed the crest, on which is inscribed our motto: "*Quam bene non Quantum*"—"Quality rather than Quantity."



JOHN H. GARDEN, B.A., B.D.

Principal

Foreword

By JOHN HENDERSON GARDEN, B.A., B.D.,
Principal



I am pleased to send this little foreword forth with the 35th Yearbook of Mount Royal College. How much we have appreciated you who are our students of what we hope may be the year of victory. In fact Mount Royal College waited thirty-five years for you, and the College is very hopeful that you may make a very special contribution in building a better world. This has been a year of deep significance in the work of the College. There has been enrolled the largest group of students ever to attend and yet the work has progressed with a smoothness and harmony that has been reflected in the high standard of marks obtained. There has been lots of fun and good fellowship but through all there has been a note of seriousness reflecting the titanic struggle that has been taking place throughout the world and leading everyone to make the best of his time so that he may be better fitted for the new day following peace.

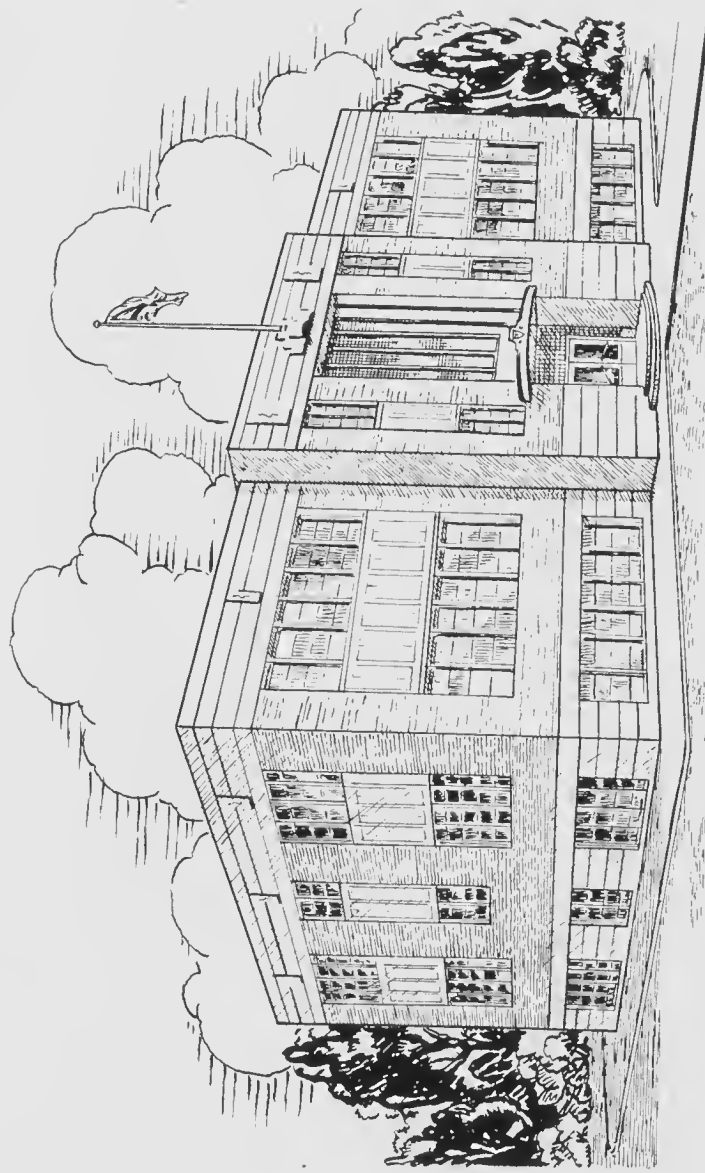
The year has passed quickly. It just seems like yesterday since we came to the College last Fall somewhat nervous but with high expectations. Today we are going forth with a clearer vision of the tasks that lie before us and better equipped to meet them. A great challenge comes to us all to so live and give such leadership that the sacrifices of our comrades may not be in vain. We have remembered with appreciation the names of our former students and members of the staff who are serving in the war and have grieved deeply as some of the finest have paid the supreme sacrifice.

*"They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old,
Age shall not wither them nor the years condemn,
But at the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."*

We deeply mourn their loss, but pledge ourselves anew to make real their vision of a better world, remembering that—

*"What builds a nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong?
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.*

*Brave men, who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly—
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky."*



Architect's sketch of the proposed
KERBY MEMORIAL BUILDING



Dedication



ONE YEAR AGO we dedicated the Yearbook to the late Dr. G. W. Kerby, our beloved Principal Emeritus. This year we are proud to dedicate this book to the proposed Kerby Memorial building which is to be erected to the memory of Dr. G. W. and Mrs. Kerby. This building will not only be a fitting memorial to the founders of the College but will also provide much needed accommodation. The plan is to concentrate classrooms, laboratories, administrative offices and an up-to-date gymnasium in the new building while the present plant will be renovated and changed to provide more residential facilities and improved studios for the Conservatory of Music.

In the main hall of the Kerby Memorial building there will be a special memorial section preserving the photographs of Dr. G. W. and Mrs. Kerby and other historic pictures and documents concerning them. There will also be a book of remembrance telling of the life and work of Dr. G. W. and Mrs. Kerby and recording for future reference the names of all contributors to the Kerby Memorial Building. It is the desire of the College Board to preserve for succeeding generations of students something of the spirit of the Kerbys and to memorialize their supreme work in Calgary which was the founding and establishing of Mount Royal Junior College.

The following editorials that appeared in the Calgary papers will indicate how heartily the community has endorsed this idea of a Kerby Memorial building. *The Calgary Daily Herald*, December 4th, 1944, said: "No finer memorial could be erected in honor of the late Dr. G. W. Kerby than the \$100,000 building planned by the governors of Mount Royal College. Its construction has become imperative because of the continuous expansion of the College's activities, and when completed will bear the name 'Kerby Memorial Building'. This institution fills an important role in the province's educational system. It provides facilities for carrying students through the first two years of their University course and it also has courses in musical instruction and other branches. It is in every sense of the word a junior university, and the high type of instruction is evidenced in the many scholarships and other awards won by its students."

"Dr. Kerby spent many years in this city, much to the community's benefit. In Mount Royal College he left to it a centre of learning of which all citizens are proud. It is highly fitting that his name and memory should be perpetuated for many years to come by what will be a fine memorial building, dedicated to the work in which he was most interested."

The Calgary Morning Albertan, December 5th, 1944, said:

"The idea of this memorial seems a very happy one. Dr. and Mrs. Kerby founded Mount Royal College and it is probable the school was their favourite among the many enterprises which they organized in Calgary. An extension of the College building to take care of the steadily increasing enrolment would be an ideal memorial for this pioneer clergyman and educator. The project will certainly receive the support of the people of Calgary."

The proposed Kerby Memorial Building will enable Mount Royal to render better service to the youth of Calgary and Southern Alberta by furnishing up-to-date facilities and making possible an extension of the work the College is carrying on. We students of this year greatly appreciate what the College has done for us and heartily congratulate those who will follow on the improved accommodations that the Kerby Memorial building will provide and we are glad that the spirit of Dr. G. W. and Mrs. Kerby will be preserved for succeeding groups of students.

Mount Royal College Administration Staff and Faculty



JOHN H. GARDEN, B.A., B.D.
Principal



GEORGE WALTERS



S. LEONORE WALTERS



FRANCES MAY



Mrs. MILDRED BELL



JEAN GARDEN



MURRAY W. VERGE



RALPH W. McCREADY



OWEN A. KELLY



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MARY J. WASHBURN



BARBARA M. CRAIG



NORMAN S. FREE



GLENN B. HINCHEY



ETHEL THORNTON



MIRIAN MOORE



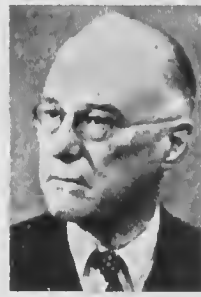
MABLE E. ROBERTS



WILFRID BENNETT



F. D. B. JOHNSON



DR. C. E. SANSDM



LEO E. PEARSON



LEONA F. PATERSON



JASCHA GALPERIN



LEONARD H. LEACOCK



NORMA PIPER



CYRIL S. MDSSOP



GWEN PARSONS



GLADYS BDRTHWICK



ROBERT SPERGEL



WINNIFRED LACEY



JOAN HOBSON



MART VAN STOCKUM

Varshicom Staff

1944-5



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Bill Lyons.....	Co-Editor
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Jim Dalton.....	Sports
Isobel Anderson.....	Biographies
George Villett....	Biographies
Eleanor Whitbread ..	Biographies
Shirley Coombs.....	Biographies

In Appreciation

AND now we leave another too short a year at Mount Royal College behind us, but not the many happy memories of good times, the wonderful friendships, and the petty quarrels with one another. When we have entered into this world of boundless opportunities and take our place among them, we will recall the little troubles we had with our studies, the way our teachers stepped on us when we needed it, the Friday night dances, and then discover that these and more composed the binding of all into one at M.R.C.

With the passing of this year, through headaches and sacrificing of time on the part of an unnamed many, another *Varshicom* has been completed. We have tried hard to make this Year Book a success and we wish that in future years the students of M.R.C. may profit by our mistakes.

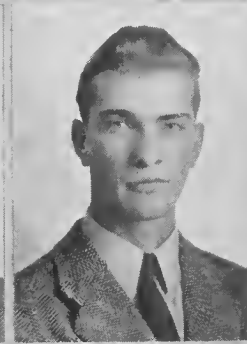
I wish to express my sincerest appreciation to my untiring and reliable staff whose contributions of time and effort, have made the publication of this book possible. To Mr. Garden, Mr. Walters and Frances May, whose experience proved to be the foundation of the compilation of this *Varshicom*.

We hope it may, in years to come, serve as a source of many happy fireside memories of the gang you knew at good old M.R.C.

TED GEE,
Editor.

Students Council

Mount Royal College



Robert McCulloch.....President
George Villett.....Vice-President
Mr. Kelly.....Advisor
Don Phillips.....President University
Bessie Armstrong.....President Commercial
Gerald Matlock.....President High School
Fae Adam.....Secretary
June Cecil.....Treasurer
Jim Barber.....Boys Sports
June Blair.....Girls Sports
Phyllis Fitch.....Social

Valedictory



PERHAPS as you have walked through the halls of Mount Royal College you have seen the small, friendly groups which gather here and there. This day a few of us were discussing the practical value of education when Bill told us what education meant to him. As I can remember it, here is his story.

Not far from Bill's home was an immense forest which had always fascinated the young man. One day he walked to it. Leading into the dark hollows ahead was a wide path which Bill followed unhesitatingly, until he came upon a magnificent palace, glittering with light.

"Who are you, you young boy, and what are you doing here?" a gentle voice spoke beside him.

Bill looked up at the gracious lady touching his shoulder with a quiet hand.

"My name is Future", the soft voice continued, "this is my home. I have many children like you. Right now they are out in the World, where, because they are getting things ready for me, they are called the Destinies. Goodness, it is past their suppertime! Already I can hear two of them quarrelling. Hope and Despair both want to control a young man who has lost his job."

With that she blew five long blasts on a bugle. To Bill, no time passed before several tiny creatures stood before Future.

"Now children, how does the world stand today?" asked Future.

Pessimism grinned as he replied, "Mr. Mankind is a little troubled today. He is fighting himself, all by himself."

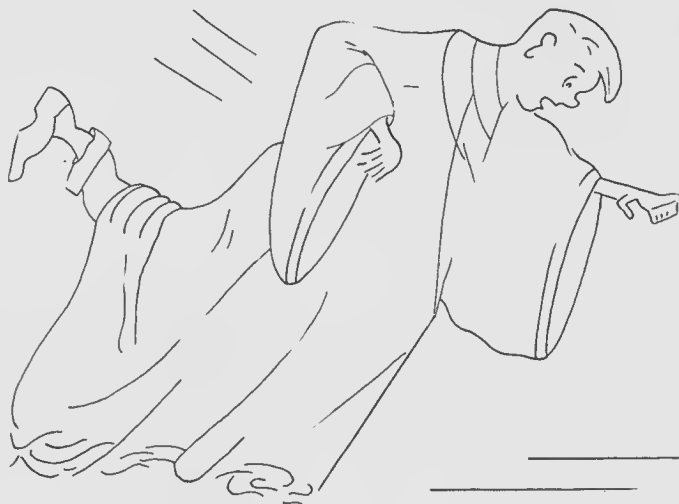
Bill listened sadly, "I wish I could help you, Future. However, I'm just a student at school. What can I do to help you?"

Future smiled and was beautiful. "You can be of wonderful help, for I do need you, greatly. I want you to travel to the land of knowledge. It is far, far away, but two of my favorite Destinies, Ambition and Perseverance, will accompany you till you reach Knowledge. Then you must journey alone continually searching the land till you find my three lost babies—Love, Tolerance and Unselfishness. If you find them, they will take you to the land of Truth. If you reach Truth, Bill, Mr. Mankind will find peace. I will be safe and promise to give my youngest child, Happiness, to the World. Before you leave, here is a compass to guide you on your trip. It is called Memories. Treasure it well for you will need it! Now go!"

Lifting his hand in farewell, Bill the student, who had found the meaning of Education, walked out into the World in search of Truth.

Vivian Suey

UNIVERSITY



JOHN DUNNING ANNETT (Jackie Boy)

Favorite Expression—Phhhh (in three tones).

Ambition—Electric Engineer.

Characteristic—Brain child.

Activities—Calgary Tanks and Wendy.

Consort

ELEANOR WHITBREAD

Favorite Expression—"Yes Dear".

Ambition—Social Service.

Pastime—Painting.

Activities—Mount Royal College.

Calgary

MERRITT FIZZELL

Favorite Expression—We'd just as soon not say.

Ambition—Travel.

Pastime—Late for classes.

Activities—Swimming, music.

Calgary

DONALD PHILLIPS (Lashes)

Favorite Expression—"Things is picking up."

Ambition—Chemical Engineering.

Characteristic—Popular, peppy and priceless.

Activities—President of Varsity, Basketball.

Calgary

CHARLES McCULLAGH (Flunky)

Favorite Expression—"Yes, master."

Ambition—To hold his chair in class.

Characteristic—Masterful, muscular and magnificent.

Activities—Fixing his luxury 7 passenger sedan.

Calgary

PEGGY LAWRENCE (Peg)

Ambition—Great singer.

Pastime—Singing in the bathtub.

Activities—Drawing, Dancing.

Calgary

EUNICE WADE*Favorite Expression*—"Ha! Ha!"*Ambition*—Chemical research.*Characteristic*—Usually quiet, sudden outbursts when awake.*Activities*—Skiing, anything that takes little energy.

Calgary

**WILLIAM ANDISON (Bill)***Favorite Expression*—"Does anyone want a cigarette?" (Different, eh?)*Ambition*—Geologist.*Characteristic*—Good-hearted, long hair.*Activities*—Calgary Tanks, Gus's.

Cochrane

**CHARLES GARDEN (Chas)***Favorite Expression*—"Wouldn't that rot your socks?"*Ambition*—Medical profession.*Characteristic*—Gallant, genial and glib.*Activities*—Basketball, neighborly homework.

Calgary

**MARGARET GREENE (Garg)***Favorite Expression*—"Jimmy-jimmy-jimmy."*Ambition*—University of Toronto.*Pastime*—Attempting to sleep in.*Activities*—Getting roommates off to classes.

Innisfail

MARY DUNCANSON (Dunc)*Favorite Expression*—"Oh damn!"*Ambition*—One week without a fight with Mike.*Pastime*—Mike.*Activities*—Gus's for a cigarette.

Lethbridge

**ROBERT MITCHELL (R & M)***Favorite Expression*—"Huba-huba-huba."*Ambition*—Obstetrician.*Characteristic*—Witty (he wrote the boys' biographies).*Activities*—Skating and shaving.

Cranbrook

RAYMOND BROWN (Ray)*Favorite Expression*—"Good show."*Ambition*—To discover a substitute for work.*Pastime*—Trumpet (can he play!)*Activities*—Hockey.

Kathryn

**KATHLEEN HOLMES***Favorite Expression*—"I'm so mad I could——."*Ambition*—Undecided.*Pastime*—Music.*Activities*—Homework.

Raymond

LORNA BOON*Favorite Expression*—"Well now, lut's see."*Ambition*—Social service.*Pastime*—Knitting diamond socks.*Activities*—Skating, riding.

Banff

**NEIL McKAY***Ambition*—Pass French.*Pastime*—Homework, and a few women on the side.*Activities*—Hockey.

Keoma

HAROLD ANDERSON*Favorite Expression*—"Barber, clean up the room."*Ambition*—Chemical engineer.*Pastime*—It isn't MRC girls.*Activities*—Hockey and Softball.

Delacour

**MARJORIE PATTERSON***Favorite Expression*—"Wha-da-ya mean?"*Ambition*—To travel.*Pastime*—Thinking.*Activities*—Skating, riding, dancing.

Calgary



ROBERT SAWICKI (Bob)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Brrrack!!"

Ambition—Shave and have breakfast on the same morning.

Characteristic—Saintly, suave, stolid sender.

Activities—Carrying "bags" at Palliser.

JEAN SPANKIE

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Oh my goodness."

Ambition—Concert Singer.

Pastime—Reading.

Activities—Skating, music.



DONALDA BRECKEN (Donna)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Hey, you guys."

Ambition—Linguist.

Pastime—Piano, designing hats.

Activities—Swimming, dancing, golfing.

DAVID BURGE (Dave)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Whatcha doin' boy?"

Ambition—Orchestra Leader.

Characteristic—Bashful, beneficial and brawny.

Activities—African golf.



ROBERT SMITH (Snuffy)

Banff

Favorite Expression—"Well, Gee!"

Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.

Pastime—Bumming cigarettes.

Activities—Mountain climbing, skating, swimming.

MARGARET WANNOP (Marg)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—(Facial expressions).

Ambition—To just pass everything.

Pastime—Music.

Activities—Roller skating.



VIVIAN SUEY (Chop)

Consort

Favorite Expression—"Oh you cow!"

Ambition—Educate the Chinese women in China.

Pastime—Writing.

Activities—Skating.

PETER VALLANCE (Moose)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Open the windows."

Ambition—Lawyer.

Characteristic—Valuable, versed and vital.

Activities—Skiing and wolfing.



NORMAN WHITNEY (Norm)

Langdon

Favorite Expression—"Women are necessary."

Ambition—Oil geologist.

Characteristics—Wobbly, watchful wizard.

Activities—Hockey, hunting, fastball.

AILEEN DANAHER (Danny)

Winnipeg

Favorite Expression—"Wouldn't that jar your mother's preserves."

Ambition—Pin-up girl.

Pastime—Keeping the boys happy.

Activities—Men.



SARAH PEARLMAN

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Heavens!"

Ambition—To find a pair of stockings that don't turn red in Lab.

Pastime—Phys. Lab. with Charlie McCullagh.

Activities—Wolfing in Physics class.

HAROLD WARD (Frankie)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"You don't need coupons for my sugar."

Ambition—To shave.

Characteristic—Silent, but not safe.

Activities—Visiting Crescent Heights High School.

MILDRED TRAUB

Favorite Expression—"Oh horrors!"
Ambition—Missionary.
Pastime—Music.
Activities—Waiting for street-cars.

SAM HUBERMAN (Samikins)

Favorite Expression—"Aaa! shet ep!"
Ambition—Nurse's aid.
Characteristic—Handsome, honest and humane.
Activities—C.C.F., Reclaiming Sawicki's jokes.

NEIL CARPENTER

Favorite Expression—"By my sliderule it's approximately——."
Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.
Characteristic—Capable, constructive and corny.
Activities—Helping our teachers.

ISABELLE STEVENSON (Izzie)

Favorite Expression—"I don't know a thing about it."
Ambition—Medical Doctor.
Characteristic—Studious.
Activities—Riding.

DAISY AMBURY

Favorite Expression—"But definitely."
Ambition—Teacher.
Pastime—Her car.

DONALD GLASS (Dracula)

Favorite Expression—"This is what I think."
Ambition—Field Marshal.
Pastime—Model Aeroplanes.
Activities—Skating.

MURRY CARMACK

Favorite Expression—"Deah, deah."
Ambition—Surgeon.
Pastime—Poetry for the "Herald"
Activities—Concert Pianist in Vancouver.

Didsbury



Calgary



Calgary

Calgary



Calgary

Pincher Creek

Nanton



Prayer of a College Student

By Francis Chapman

Our Father, may I live this term,
Not blinded by the social press,
The sports, the fun, the interest
Of college life.

Keep free my mind from cluttering things,
To hear always the song that sings,
The grasp from flight, the thought that wings
Through mind and heart;

The task that thou hast given me,
To keep my will from ruling me,
To keep my mind and body free
For Thee to use.

Help me remember while I'm here,
With thankfulness, that in this year,
I, privileged, may leave and here
Prepare for life.



Birds of a Feather.	Sweet and Low Down.	[HMMMMMMMMM!]
Who won?	Youse guys want burghers?	Seram, Pee Wee.
Where's the Janitor?	Glamour Boy.	D-Day, H-Hour
We Three.	Careful!	Recess.
Study Period.	Stinky.	T.B. or Not T.B.?
Handsome, eh!	Sun-daze.	Oscar's a papa.
		Janie.
		The Three Bares.
		Georges.
		Kerby House.
		Proff.

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HIGH SCHOOL



ROBERT McCULLOCH (Bart)

Favorite Expression—"He nauseates me."

Ambition—To get rich and married fast.

Pastime—D.J. and we don't mean perhaps.

Activities—President of Students' Council; hockey.

Acme

ISOBEL ANDERSON (Andy)

Favorite Expression—"Well kid."

Ambition—To go down East (University).

Pastime—Writing one Marv Bishop.

Activities—Year Book Staff.

Medicine Hat

MARIAN BUNYAN

Favorite Expression—"You're telling me."

Ambition—She won't admit it

Pastime—Gus's.

Activities—Music and badminton.

Wembley

ERNEST HAUG (Ernie)

Favorite Expression—"Is that good or bad?"

Ambition—Electrical Engineer.

Pastime—Marian.

Activities—Hockey and badminton.

Waterton Lakes

ERNEST MAINWOOD (Ernie)

Favorite Expression—"Let's get lost."

Ambition—Get pull from the Department of Education.

Pastime—Displaying the Scratch Pad office to innocent women.

Activities—Co-Editor of "Scratch Pad".

Calgary

WENDY WYNN

Favorite Expression—"Do I have to get up?"

Ambition—Northwestern.

Pastime—Could it be Jackie Boy?

Activities—Literary Editor of "Year Book".

Vancouver

EILEEN HART (Red)
Favorite Expression—"Teu-ool."
Ambition—To appear in "Who's Who".
Pastime—It's already past.
Activities—Social Editor on "Year Book" and "Scratch Pad".

Stettler

G. W. GEE (Ted or TG)
Favorite Expression—"Who's conceited?"
Ambition—Commercial Artist or Fred Astair.
Pastime—Singing, trying to keep his Harem happy.
Activities—Editor of the "Year Book", odd bit of dancing.

Turner Valley

WILLIAM LYONS (Tiger)
Favorite Expression—"Nuts to you, Bube."
Ambition—Join the CWACs.
Pastime—Amusing Arson.
Activities—Co-Editor of "Year Book", "Scratch Pad" Cartoonist.

Baintree

JANET EASTES (Janie)
Favorite Expression—"I'm sorry if I don't meet with your approval."
Ambition—To get off Probation.
Pastime—Detentions.
Activities—Social Co-Editor on "Scratch Pad".

Ponoka

AMY GEE (Bunny)
Favorite Expression—"I nearly died."
Ambition—Psychiatrist.
Pastime—Algie.
Activities—Dancing with her handsome brother.

Turner Valley

LLOYD BOWHAY (Algie)
Favorite Expression—"Got \$2.00 for a cup of coffee?"
Ambition—Run the Calgary street cleaner.
Pastime—Amy.
Activities—Photographer for "Year Book".

Airdrie

JAMES BARBER (Jim)
Favorite Expression—"Jimmy! do my Latin for me."
Ambition—None! Is that hard to believe?
Pastime—Wolfing—not in the College either.
Activities—Basketball, Athletic Representative on Council.

Barons

NORMA SHEARER (Norm)
Favorite Expression—"You're kidding, of course."
Ambition—To grow up.
Pastime—Barber.
Activities—Wolfing, so they tell me.

Black Diamond

PATRICIA BLADES (Pat)
Favorite Expression—"Now let's talk about 'After the war'."
Ambition—Dental Assistant.
Pastime—Writing to a certain P.O.
Activities—Dodging teachers during study.

Red Deer

WILLIAM HARRISON (Arson)
Favorite Expression—"Look out, or I'll get hurt."
Ambition—To be a second Tommy Dorsey.
Pastime—Playing the fool with Lyons, moaning on the trombone.
Activities—"Year Book" copy-boy, "Scratch Pad" feature writer.

Redcliff

JAMES HENDERSON (Jim)
Favorite Expression—"Northeott, get out!"
Ambition—Mayor of Little New York.
Pastime—Throwing Barber and his Latin out.
Activities—Hockey, Badminton.

Black Diamond

JESSIE STANFORD
Favorite Expression—"Oh jinx."
Ambition—To own a Ranch.
Pastime—Keeping food scavengers out of her room.
Activities—Tumbling.

Hartleyville





HYMIE AISENSTAT (Hy or "Wandering Irishman") Calgary
Favorite Expression—"That boy is my best audience."
Ambition—To be wittier than witty.
Pastime—Wandering around with a certain Scotchman.
Activities—Humor Editor for "Scratch Pad"; All kinds of business deals.



YVONNE WOOD (Woodsie) Taber
Favorite Expression—"Hells-bells."
Ambition—A great musician, and we believe she will.
Pastime—Playing Bach and Boogie Woogie.
Activities—Tumbling.



JAMES REDDEKOPP (Reddy) Acme
Favorite Expression—"I'm sorry I broke your heart, but you know how it is."
Ambition—Girl Scout.
Pastime—Breaking girls' hearts.
Activities—"Scratch Pad".



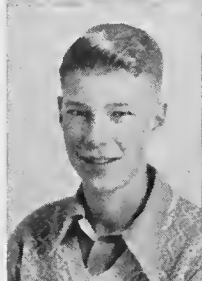
HERBERT PATTERSON (Herbie) Calgary
Favorite Expression—"My dear boy."
Ambition—Same as last year.
Pastime—Adjusting his halo.
Activities—Boogie, writing his own biography.



LORRAINE NORTHEY (Gert) Red Deer
Favorite Expression—"Wish I was home."
Ambition—Nursing.
Pastime—Talking about a sailor.



EUGENE McLEAN (Genie) Brant
Favorite Expression—"I can't go to Latin, I have to go to a show."
Ambition—To meet a girl with a Packard.
Pastime—Going for careless walks.
Activities—Resting up before going to bed.



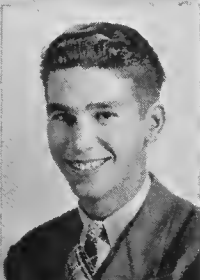
GEORGE McPHERSON (Jud) Calgary
Favorite Expression—"Your nose is too big."
Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.
Pastime—Bev.
Activities—Badminton, riding.



ANNE LEE (Annie-lee) Champion
Favorite Expression—"Sailor, will you ever phone?"
Ambition—Visit Australia after the war.
Pastime—Eating peanuts.
Activities—Rendezvous.



FLORENCE FREDELL (Freddie) High River
Favorite Expression—"I love you too."
Ambition—To graduate from High School.
Pastime—Could it be listening to Wilf Carter?
Activities—Convincing Pee Wee she's stronger than him.



DOUGLAS CILEY (Doug) Calgary
Favorite Expression—"Dirty——" (censored).
Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.
Pastime—Ruby, red hot piano.
Activities—Badminton, Basketball.



WALTER JOHNSON (Walt) Calgary
Favorite Expression—"Heylo."
Ambition—Chemical Engineer.
Pastime—Building muscular women.
Activities—Basketball, tumbling instructor.



WILDA BUSSEY (Buss) Airdrie
Favorite Expression—"All good women are dying and I don't feel so good."
Ambition—To be on relief.
Pastime—Public enemy Number One's secretary.
Activities—Humor Editor on "Year Book" and "Scratch Pad".

<p>MARY HAIG <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Careful, or I'll have to hurt you." <i>Ambition</i>—To get past the coffee shop on her way to church. <i>Pastime</i>—Howard (they both like Douglas). <i>Activities</i>—Papering her room.</p>	Lethbridge
<p>HOWARD POOLE <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Quit jacking around." <i>Ambition</i>—Petroleum Engineer. <i>Pastime</i>—Mary. <i>Activities</i>—Hockey.</p>	Brooks
<p>GEORGE VILLET (Posey) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Are you boasting or complaining?" <i>Ambition</i>—Vagabond. <i>Pastime</i>—Piano. <i>Activities</i>—Basketball, Vice-President of Council.</p>	Vancouver
<p>JUNE BLAIR (Butch) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Good morning." <i>Ambition</i>—Stop swooning over Mr. Free. <i>Pastime</i>—George. <i>Activities</i>—Anything.</p>	Medicine Hat
<p>JUNE MALCHOW (she answers to "Bag") <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"So it's a fight yer lookin' for?" <i>Ambition</i>—To put Mary under the bed—it says here. <i>Pastime</i>—Papering her room. <i>Activities</i>—Basketball.</p>	Stavely
<p>ROSS McFARLAND (Mac) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"For erylry out loud, go to bed." <i>Ambition</i>—Get off probation. <i>Pastime</i>—Noise. <i>Activities</i>—Basketball, hockey.</p>	Irma
<p>GERALD MATLOCK (Gerry) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Oh, horsefeathers." <i>Ambition</i>—To top Caesar Romero's mustache. <i>Pastime</i>—Bessie. <i>Activities</i>—President of High School; clarinet.</p>	Champion
<p>MARY JEAN WISE (M.J.) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"I hate girls." <i>Ambition</i>—To look after her Dad. <i>Pastime</i>—Hunting for books. <i>Activities</i>—She's been known as Dan Cupid.</p>	Rockyford
<p>PHYLLIS FITCH (Phyl) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Hardly maddening at all." <i>Ambition</i>—To eventually graduate from 'Varsity. <i>Pastime</i>—Drawing model houses in Poly Ec. <i>Activities</i>—Social Convener for Council.</p>	Calgary
<p>DONALD HENDERSON (Don) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Go back and have five more." <i>Ambition</i>—Petroleum Engineer. <i>Pastime</i>—Wine, women and song. <i>Activities</i>—He's in the army now.</p>	Calgary
<p>DELBERT THOMPSON (Del) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"May I go home this week-end, Doc?" <i>Ambition</i>—Petroleum Geologist. <i>Pastime</i>—Coming in late. <i>Activities</i>—Going home on week-ends.</p>	Cayley
<p>WILDA BROSE (Brose) <i>Favorite Expression</i>—"Oh, I wouldn't say that." <i>Ambition</i>—Nursing. <i>Pastime</i>—Playing the piano for Del. <i>Activities</i>—Eating.</p>	Loverna, Sask.





CURTIS WYNDER (Curt)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Lookie now."
Ambition—Are we kidding?
Pastime—Penley's.
Activities—Wolfing in the main hall.

MURIEL GIBSON

Delia

Ambition—B.Sc. in Nursing.
Pastime—Telephone calls.
Activities—Studying, tumbling.



JOAN WILKES (Wee Willie)

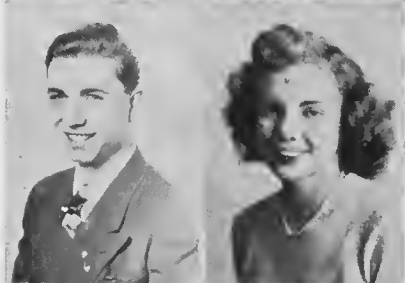
Calgary

Favorite Expression—"How ARE you?"
Ambition—Nursing.
Pastime—Straining the vocal chords.
Activities—Scandal on "Scratch Pad".

JACK WALPER (John Boy)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—Censored.
Pastime—Thinking of new phrases to express his feelings towards J. Black.
Activities—"Scratch Pad".



JACK BLACK (Call him anything—he'll answer)

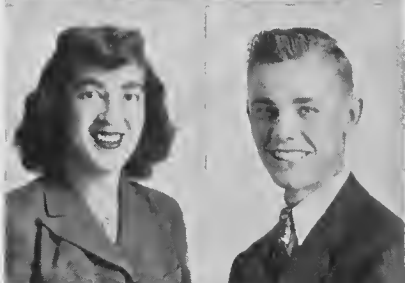
Calgary

Favorite Expression—"You know nothing, I tell you."
Ambition—Emergency call from Truman.
Pastime—"Scratch Pad" office.
Activities—Editor of "Scratch Pad".

MARY LAZELLE SAUDER (Zel)

Edmonton

Favorite Expression—"That's no dream."
Ambition—University of Alberta.
Pastime—Running back and forth from the Kerby House.
Activities—Scandal Editor for "Scratch Pad".



JENNIE HANEN

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"I missed that No. 1 car again."
Ambition—To become a co-ed at Berkley University, California.
Pastime—Shows.
Activities—Bowling.

MICHAEL ROSS ROOP (Mike)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Where is Dunc?"
Ambition—To persuade Dunc to go where he wants.
Pastime—Roaming the halls.
Activities—Fishing, Dancing.



STANLEY FULLER (Dusty)

Indus

Favorite Expression—"I'll brute you beatilly."
Ambition—To teach Algebra I to Mr. ????

Pastime—Ask Kae.

Activities—General nuisance.

EDNA MELLAFONT (Aggie)

Coutts

Favorite Expression—"Do I have to wear my shoes, Rimbey?"
Ambition—Nursing.
Pastime—Looking after (shall I say the kitty?)
Activities—Basketball.



JAMES STARK (Jim)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"You should come to Penley's Saturday night."
Ambition—He said to ask Marian.
Pastime—Teaching Anne Ellen Physics.
Activities—Ask his friends—he can never remember.

JACK HOLCOMBE

Banff

Favorite Expression—"Do we go to Chapel or for coffee?"
Ambition—With Jack that is a deep dark secret.
Pastime—Gus's.
Activities—Hockey.

MARY CHRISTOFFERSON (Chrissie)

Favorite Expression—"Oh pul-eeze."
Ambition—Too lazy to think of one.
Pastime—Shows.
Activities—Going back to Brant.

JOHN MAUGHAN (Somerset)

Favorite Expression—"Oitsky Doitsky."
Ambition—Army Officer.
Pastime—Horning in on Northcott's business.
Activities—Holding his own debates on women.

GORDON LESLIE

Favorite Expression—"But I tell you."
Ambition—To get through school.
Pastime—Evading his friends.
Activities—Circulation Manager for "Scratch Pad".

ANNE CONYBEARE (Connie)

Favorite Expression—"Nancy, what'll I do now?"
Ambition—Dress designer.
Pastime—Knitting sweaters and listening to CJCJ.
Activities—Falling through the ice.

ROBERTA HUDSON (Berta)

Favorite Expression—"Oh Brose."
Ambition—To get through school.
Pastime—Photography.
Activities—Keeping a certain airman happy.

MAURICE NOVALANSKY (Maurie)

Favorite Expression—"Oh, are we going somewhere?"
Ambition—Druggist.
Pastime—Always in Harrison's room.
Activities—Snooker.

YVONNE TURNER

Favorite Expression—"Gee, Mary, I can't."
Ambition—To be a teacher.
Pastime—Talking about her horse.
Activities—"Scratch Pad".

WILLIAM STILES (Bill)

Favorite Expression—"Give me strength."
Ambition—Rexall Druggist.
Pastime—Reading and Gloria.
Activities—Photographer for "Year Book".

HERSCHEL FAWCETT (Hersch)

Favorite Expression—"When's the next long week-end?"
Ambition—To make first year Varsity.
Pastime—Homework and shows.
Activities—Hockey.

MARJORIE COOK (Abigail)

Favorite Expression—"Lord love a duck!"
Ambition—She never heard of it.
Pastime—Sneaking into the girls' dorm.
Activities—Charlie.

RUTH CRAIG (Craig)

Favorite Expression—"Love that Bussey woman."
Ambition—To crash a Lonely Hearts Club.
Pastime—Doing things she shouldn't.
Activities—Shows with D. Olive.

ROBERT HITCHNER (Bob)

Favorite Expression—"Where was I last night?"
Ambition—Druggist.
Pastime—Being a good boy.
Activities—Reserve Army.

Brant



Ottawa

Calgary



High River

Lethbridge



Trochu

Lethbridge



Bassano

Blackie



Calgary

Delia



High River



JAMES DALTON (Mouse)

Vancouver

Favorite Expression—"Mom, I'm coming home."

Ambition—Surgeon.

Pastime—Marion.

Activities—Basketball, Sports Editor for "Year Book".

ETOYALE JOHNSTON (Toy)

Three Hills

Favorite Expression—"Has anyone got anything to eat?"

Ambition—To pass French.

Pastime—Arguing with Eppie.

Activities—Shows.



MAUREEN FULLER

Hoosier, Sask.

Favorite Expression—"Are you kidding?"

Ambition—To get down to breakfast before it's over.

Pastime—Serving detentions.

Activities—Combing her hair.

ROBERT WILSON (Jim)

Turner Valley

Favorite Expression—"Hi, Chief."

Ambition—Diesel Engineer.

Pastime—Writing to Dolores.

Activities—Snooker, softball.



ARCHIE BOYD

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Got your Trig. done?"

Ambition—Aeronautical Engineer.

Pastime—Friday night Trig. classes.

Activities—He's in the Navy now.

GORDON McLAWS

Calgary

Favorite Expression—(Sorry, kids, he won't talk.)

Ambition—To get through school.

Pastime—Tennis.

Activities—It used to be the R.C.A.F.



DONALD MACLEAN (Pee Wee)

Lethbridge

Favorite Expression—"I just came down for a book."

Ambition—Druggist.

Pastime—Checking on techniques around M.R.C.

Activities—All sports—ahem; copy boy for "Scratch Pad".

DOREEN GOWDY

Shepard

Favorite Expression—"Who were you out with?"

Ambition—Music degree.

Pastime—She seems very interested in who you went out with.

Activities—Junior Symphony.



MARY LOU JOHNS (Red or Johnny)

Red Deer

Favorite Expression—"Oh, let's not be dumb."

Ambition—Learn to play a juke box.

Pastime—Swooning over Bing (We didn't say Frankie).

Activities—Badminton (Trying to show Gee up).

NORMAN SMITH (Sergeant-at-wandering-arms or Norm)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Don't panic, George."

Ambition—Play bridge as well as Black.

Pastime—Ha, Ha! (now we laugh).

Activities—Antagonizing Armchair Generals.



CARMEN WILSON (Carm)

Innisfail

Favorite Expression—(At 10:30) "But Mrs. Bell, I was so thirsty."

Ambition—University Hospital.

Pastime—Tearing upstairs at 10:00 for a bathtub.

Activities—Homework.

ROBERT COWAN (Bob)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Going to Gus's, Curt?"

Ambition—Senior Matric.

Pastime—Sitting on registers.

Activities—Staying out late.

ELSPETH MAINLAND (Eppie)

Favorite Expression—"Gee, but I'm stupid."
Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.
Pastime—Arguing with Toy.
Activities—Prefect.

NICHOLAS CHIZIK (Nick)

Favorite Expression—"Let's go to bed."
Ambition—Pass French III.
Pastime—Listen in at 9:15 p.m. over CFCN.
Activities—Ping-pong, hoekey.

JOHN WAGNER (Jack)

Favorite Expression—"Sure it is."
Ambition—Doctor.
Pastime—Writing letters (now we know gals).
Activities—Hoekey.

JEAN PURCELL (Percy)

Favorite Expression—"Holy Dina".
Ambition—University.
Pastime—Asking questions.
Activities—Sleeping.

EVA RIMBEY (Alcan Annie)

Favorite Expression—"Now I wouldn't say that."
Ambition—To get a letter every day.
Pastime—(OO-la-la, if this were only *Esquire*).
Activities—Sleeping, too.

RONALD WILDERMAN (Wildy)

Favorite Expression—"Quit jacking around Fuller."
Ambition—With his smile you wouldn't need ambition.
Pastime—Helmets.
Activities—Keeping Stella posted.

G. KENT GOODERHAM

Favorite Expression—"I'm bored."
Ambition—Millionaire.
Pastime—Flirting.
Activities—Sleeping.

FLORENCE BELL (Florrie)

Favorite Expression—"How tall is he?"
Ambition—Test pilot.
Pastime—Guarding the fire door.
Activities—Walking Queenie.

EVELYN FORCKEL (Ev)

Favorite Expression—"Got your homework done?"
Ambition—One more look at an English P.O.
Pastime—Homework.
Activities—Sewing.

DAVID BUCHANAN (Dave)

Favorite Expression—"I don't believe it."
Ambition—Doctor.
Pastime—Keeping Gooderham on the straight and narrow.
Activities—Hoekey, badminton.

CLARENCE RHODES (Hank)

Favorite Expression—"Is that a fact?"
Ambition—Big time gangster.
Pastime—Stringing people along.
Activities—Softball, baseball.

KERBY GARDEN (Spike)

Favorite Expression—Phone M9226 and we'll tell you.
Ambition—Scientist.
Pastime—Lovely young maids with convertable ears.
Activities—Travelling, hoekey.

Turner Valley

Bassano

Innisfail

Duchess

Dawson Creek

Blackie

Gleichen

Calgary

Okotoks

Milo

Brant

Calgary





CRED RICHARDS (Bill)

Drumheller

Favorite Expression—"Honest, Mr. Kelly, I was sick."
Ambition—To live up to his reputation.
Pastime—As we go to press it's Marg.
Activities—Riding his motorcycle.

MARGARET CARMICHAEL (Marg)

Blairmore

Favorite Expression—"Has anyone got anything to eat, I ran out."
Ambition—To survive a weekend without being broke.
Pastime—Collecting for the cuss-box.
Activities—Eating.



LUCILLE HORSPOOL (Lucy)

Seebe

Favorite Expression—"You old mule."
Ambition—To raise horses.
Pastime—Talking about Seebe.
Activities—Riding.

STEWART WIECKER (Stewpid)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Aw listen, kids."
Ambition—To major in bartending.
Pastime—Wrecking cars.
Activities—In future ask the R.C.N.



FRANK MATTHEWS

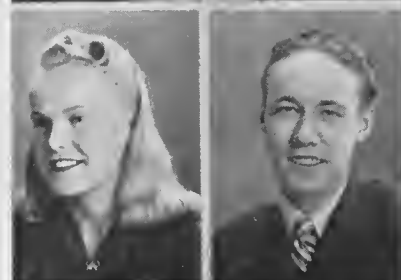
Hardisty

Favorite Expression—"Sustain me, Spirits."
Ambition—Service flying, petroleum engineer.
Pastime—Latin.
Activities—Bowling, flying and solid weekends.

GLADYS BALDERSON

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"My Heavens."
Ambition—Song writer.
Pastime—Young People's.
Activities—President of S.C.M.



DAGNE LINDSTEDT

Lomond

Favorite Expression—"Will you girls ever grow up?"
Ambition—First class teacher in a country school.
Pastime—Keeping that Page-boy neat.
Activities—Reading (strictly).

FRANK NORTHCOTT (Prong)

Balzac

Favorite Expression—"Any youse guys want hamburgers?"
Ambition—He went to sleep before we could ask him.
Pastime—Sleeping in Mr. Hughes' class.
Activities—His own li'l business.



JOHN GIBNEY

Sarcee

Favorite Expression—"She is really nice."
Ambition—Author.
Pastime—Talking about Mike.
Activities—Army Cadets.

LORETA GOULD (Rita)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"What a time I had last night!"
Ambition—Nursing.
Pastime—Ivan.
Activities—Bowling.



DELIGHT MANNEN

Vulcan

Ambition—Nurse.
Pastime—Reading, shows.
Activities—Skating.

LEIGHTON PERRY

Balzac

Favorite Expression—"Who took our newspaper."
Ambition—Chambermaid at Y.W.C.A.
Pastime—Hcarts??
Activities—Preparing for still after the war.

MARGARET NEIL (Marg)

Favorite Expression—We were paid to not tell.
Ambition—Nurse.
Pastime—Combing her hair.
Activities—Going with Evelyn.

JAMES RIDDELL (Jim)

Favorite Expression—"I wasn't asleep, Mr. Hughes."
Ambition—Big time horse racer.
Pastime—Sleeping.
Activities—Hockey, jockeying.

LAWRENCE GIBSON (Larry)

Favorite Expression—"Oh, she's too tall."
Ambition—To follow in his father's footsteps.
Pastime—Talking to a bunch of girls.
Activities—Bowling.

MARY GORDON (Biddy)

Favorite Expression—"Street cars are never on time."
Ambition—Teacher.
Pastime—Studying all the time.
Activities—Sleeping.

RICHARD BRINK (Kelly)

Favorite Expression—"Have you got a fag?"
Ambition—To improve his waistline.
Pastime—Wandering in search of ???
Activities—Walking to school.

GORDON SKITCH (Screech)

Favorite Expression—"So you don't like my laugh, eh?"
Ambition—To be ambitious.
Pastime—Living down his father's good name.
Activities—It ain't school.

MARGARET HEMSTOCK

Favorite Expression—"Gee kid!!"
Ambition—Graduate.
Pastime—Homework.
Activities—Dancing.

JOHN MOORE (J.H.)

Favorite Expression—"Hurry up, Kent."
Ambition—To meet a good looking woman.
Pastime—Looking out of the window.
Activities—Ping pong.

DANIEL MacQUARRIE (Dan)

Favorite Expression—"Is she married?"
Ambition—To settle down—ah me!
Pastime—Studying the Royal Gardens.
Activities—Ping pong and other things (?)

MARGARET RIDDELL

Favorite Expression—"Gees!"
Ambition—Interior Decorator.
Pastime—Shows.
Activities—Skating.

EVELYN BEATON (Jerry)

Favorite Expression—"Are you kidding?"
Ambition—To learn Physics.
Pastime—Answering the telephone.

WILLIAM BUCHANAN (Bill)

Favorite Expression—"Don't be so stupid."
Ambition—Professional hockey.
Pastime—Weadin', witin', and women.
Activities—Hockey, softball.

Morrin



Cabri, Sask.

Calgary



Buffalo

Lethbridge



Calgary

Hanna



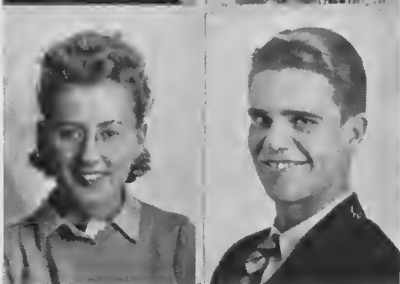
Seven Persons

Mirror Lake, B.C.



Cabri, Sask

Calgary



Milo



DOUGLAS FULLER (Bub)

Hoosier, Sask.

Favorite Expression—"Can you beat five aces?"

Ambition—Sporting goods store.

Pastime—It ain't homework.

Activities—Most anything.

ELEAN BREMNER (Faye)

Czar

Favorite Expression—"Hope I get a letter."

Ambition—School teacher.

Pastime—Writing letters overseas.

Activities—Choir.



EDWARD BIRD (Ted)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Well, Mrs. Roberts, don't you think——"

Ambition—Doctor.

Pastime—Flirting.

Activities—Painting books.

JACK COLPITTS (Colp)

Sylvan Lake

Favorite Expression—"Good show."

Ambition—Free pass to Penley's.

Pastime—Reading conservative books.

Activities—Hoekey.



BETTY SKEITH (Oswald)

New Dayton

Favorite Expression—"Abigail, leave Himen alone."

Ambition—University.

Pastime—Dreaming of Carey.

Activities—Flitting in planes.

CHARLES WISE (Chuck)

Rockyford

Favorite Expression—"Pretty tough, eh?"

Ambition—Petroleum Engineer.

Pastime—Fooling around.

Activities—(His sister doesn't even know.)



NEWTON PEARCE (Newt)

Trochu

Favorite Expression—"Raise you six.

Ambition—Playboy.

Pastime—(Did you see his favorite expression.)

Activities—Vollyball.

KATHERYN McDONALD (Kitty)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Oh for gosh sakes!"

Ambition—Nursing.

Pastime—W. A. S. Joe.

Activities—Men, dancing.



JEAN STATES

Wayne

Favorite Expression—"Are you using your survey book tonight?"

Ambition—To have six.

Pastime—Knitting.

MURRAY COLWELL (Silent Yokum)

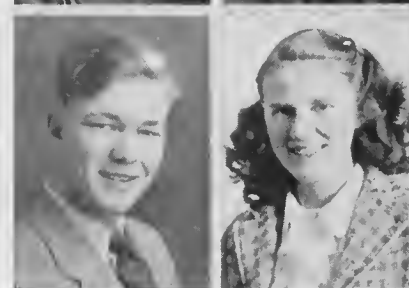
Dalemead

Favorite Expression—"Jumpin' Jehosophat!"

Ambition—That's the \$64.00 question.

Pastime—Watching the bridge games.

Activities—Softball, Volleyball.



ROBERT CLARKE (Bob)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Who's got a tailor-made?"

Ambition—Last two rounds in a boxing match.

Pastime—Studying.

Activities—Boxing, Reserve Army.

ANNE TOURNAY

Favorite Expression—"Gosh, you're crazy."

Ambition—Medical Missionary.

Pastime—Walking.

Activities—Homework.

MARGARET KINNIBURGH (Marg)

Favorite Expression—"It isn't even funny."
Ambition—To settle down to one man.
Pastime—Going to Gus's for coffee.
Activities—Homework.

NORMAN WALDEN (Norm)

Favorite Expression—"Seen my books around?"
Ambition—Anything he's sure he can't be.
Pastime—Vocal expiration.
Activities—Reserve Army.

FRANK KENDALL

Favorite Expression—"Pee Wee, I warned you."
Ambition—His leads in the air.
Pastime—Laughing.
Activities—All sports.

HOWARD MacDONALD (Mac)

Favorite Expression—"Aw, go to sleep."
Ambition—To break Rip Van Winkle's sleeping record.
Pastime—Chambermaid in "51".
Activities—Solitaire.

GILBERT GARNER

Favorite Expression—"Don't lip me son."
Ambition—Big time rancher.
Pastime—Playing cards with Wilson.
Activities—It's not homework.

SADIE SWARTZ

Favorite Expression—"No let's not."
Ambition—University.
Pastime—Going for walks—regardless of the weather.
Activities—Walking Anne home.

LORENE KJERSTEEN (Rene)

Favorite Expression—"Do I have to go to Chapel?"
Ambition—A-1 stenographer.
Pastime—Going for walks (hmm).

DONALD TRUESDELL (Don)

Favorite Expression—"Stop! you're damaging my bed."
Ambition—Doctor.
Pastime—Homework.
Activities—Public speaking, bowling.

RONALD SWANSON (Ron)

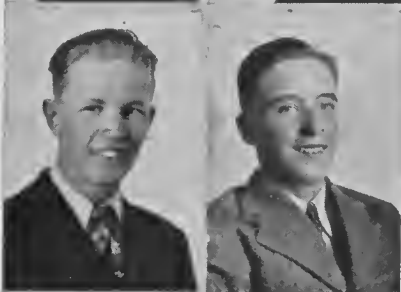
Favorite Expression—"Turn off that light."
Ambition—To be a whiz at Algebra I.
Pastime—Drugstore cowboy.
Activities—Reserve Army.

Airdrie



Stavely

Kew



Grainger

High River



Herrington

Delburne



Fort Simpson

Bentley



MARGARET AVERY

Favorite Expression—"How are you?"
Ambition—At one time a Doctor.
Pastime—Walking with her dog.
Activities—Seeing that "Reke" is brushed every day.

Calgary

**NORMAN SANDERSON
(Sandy or The Gay Scot)**

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Have you got a weed?" or "This is amazing."
Ambition—Well, kids, he means well.
Pastime—Spy-hill is involved.
Activities—Business Manager for the "Scratch Pad".

LIONEL GROBERMAN

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"This Physics is out of this world."
Ambition—To live at the Y.W.C.A.
Pastime—"Seratch Pad" office.
Activities—Reporter without nuttin' for the "Seratch Pad".

GRAHAM FOX

Innisfail

Favorite Expression—"Hi, babe."
Ambition—Degree in Geology.
Pastime—Sorry, kids, we can't get it out of him.
Activities—That little brunette.

MICHAEL POWER (Mike)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Let's hit the pub."
Ambition—To finish reading "Forever Amber".
Pastime—Chief cook and bottle washer at home.
Activities—Golfing.

ROOM ZERO

(With apologies to Bunyan and the College teaching staff)

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep"—or at least I might have lain down if it had not been for divers discouraging circumstances.

The first obstacle to any kind of repose was of course the lack of room; every available position that might have harbored a somnolent person was filled by a somnambulant teacher. Here it is that they come—tall and short, stout and not so stout, human and inhuman—here they gather, the life-blood of the college—its staff.

As one stands at the door one is struck—literally struck—with the academic atmosphere of the place—tailor mades and roll-your-owns have made it as it smells today and we are completely satisfied.

Its walls are lined with books. Books of great worth and also those of mere girth. Here may be found the dictionary, the reference book, the text book; here is found the English, the French, the Latin, the detention book. In fact you can, by referring to these musty volumes, ascertain anything from the birthdate of Cleopatra to the last person that Gus has betrayed into being late for class. Here indeed is nature at her most fulsome in odor and scene.

Mellowed and even charred by the nature and strength of the conversations that they have heard, the walls of this sanctum could tell many and marvelous tales. It is here that philosophy and science collide and each takes an undeserved beating. It is here that language, race and creed are dissected. It is here weary feet are relieved of burdensome shoes.

This is the place. The haven of the weary. The retreat where Lux loses its elasticity, where Oxydol its sparkle, Rinso its whistle, and John's 8th wife her glamor. This is that Ante-Room to Perdition—Room Zero!!!

PAULINE FAIRWEATHER (Bozo)

Oliver, B.C.

Favorite Expression—"Oh joy, oh bliss, oh happiness, oh—"
Ambition—Home Economics.
Pastime—Writing a handsome Yank.
Activities—Daneing, cleaning up the room.

MARY WARDLE (Mert)

Penhold

Favorite Expression—"Who's that charateer?"
Ambition—Journalist.
Pastime—Swooning over sailors.
Activities—Writing to Bud.

JUNE EDGAR

Red Deer

Favorite Expression—"Too bad."
Ambition—Nurse.
Pastime—Chemistry.
Activities—Bowling, daneing.

OUR TEACHERS

"These Are They Whom We Honor"

Imbued with the spirit of the servant dipped in the gall of the sadist; sprinkled with the spirit of mercy, dragged from the Lake of Learning, we have this before us—a teacher's spirit.

Peeping from behind 10 different forms of "mortal clay" we are proud of it in Mount Royal.

First in the form of tall, dark and handsome, Mr. McCready, we see the spirit peep, wreathed in fumes that rise as a sweet smelling savour.

Then we see it in the form of Mr. Hughes—the man of the deep, melodious (if a trifle gruff) voice and piercing eye, whose heart (we suspect) aches if one of his "little ones" falters before a test.

It peeps too from the pixie-like smile of our friend, Mr. Free, the measuring curve of whose math knowledge is rivaled only by the huge quantity of sympathy that he possesses for his "spalpeens".

It flickers in the twinkle of our Mr. Hinchey's eyes. That man whose dry, but kindly, humor and quiet efficiency, has endeared him to us all.

It clicks in the step of our Mr. Kelly. He, whose outstanding characteristic is his inability to say "no" to tear-filled eyes.

It sparkles in the face of our Miss Craig. 'Tis she who can say so many kindly things and in so many languages too.

It glints in our Mrs. Thornton's dark eyes and gentle voice. She knows us and is still kind.

It is in the jaunty angle of our Mrs. Moore's hat, and we love it well in that form.

It emanates from the toss of our Mrs. Washburn's curls; that is also a nice place to watch it.

It radiates from the smile of our Mrs. Roberts—"Oh so bright".

It may be seen in many places, but, if you want to see it at its lustiest and loveliest, see it here, at Mount Royal, in "Our Teachers".



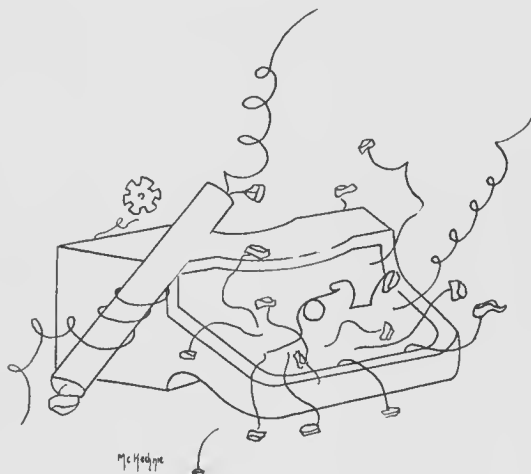
COMPLETE OUTFITTERS

To Young Calgarians since 1885

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 277 MAY 1878

COMMERCIAL



EILEEN BAUBIER

Claresholm

Favorite Expression—"Wendy! you've gotta get up!"

Ambition—Master's degree in Journalism.

Pastime—Fighting with Henderson, keeping track of Wendy.

Activities—Badminton.

BESSIE ARMSTRONG (Besame)

Pincher Creek

Favorite Expression—"You kids quit picking on me."

Ambition—Laboratory Technician.

Pastime—Gerry.

Activities—President of Commercial Class on Council.

DOROTHY JEAN JONES (D.J.)

Arrowwood

Favorite Expression—"Have you seen Bart?"

Ambition—To make certain rumors come true.

Pastime—Keeping the stagline unhappy.

Activities—Social Convener for Commercial.

DOROTHY MORRISON (Dot)

Banff

Favorite Expression—"Oh I don't know about that."

Ambition—To join the "Boy Scouts".

Pastime—Keeping Hoiboit out of his right mind.

Activities—Skiing, swimming.

MARION ATKINSON (Kid)

Nobleford

Favorite Expression—"Hey, are you kids ready for breakfast?"

Ambition—Teacher.

Pastime—Climbing into the upper bunk.

Activities—The Mouse.

GLORIA CEMULINI (Cem)

Champion

Favorite Expression—"Isn't that right?"

Ambition—Discover a new hair style.

Pastime—Going home week-ends.

Activities—Gus's.

MARY RYAN

Favorite Expression—"Plut!"
Ambition—To get somewhere.
Pastime—Glencoe Club.
Activities—Entertaining the Armed Forces.

MARGERY McKECHNIE (Marge)

Favorite Expression—"He ain't purty, but he's a man."
Ambition—An art course at University of Washington.
Pastime—Growing fingernails to chew them off.
Activities—Year Book artist, poster artist for school activities.

ANNE CRAWFORD

Favorite Expression—"Gcesty-beasty!"
Ambition—Get to Washington.
Pastime—Dictaphone.
Activities—Red Cross.

LILLIAN MAYLAND

Favorite Expression—"Daddy, buy me that man."
Ambition—University.
Pastime—Supper Dances.
Activities—Everything.

INEZ FAYE ADAMS (Faye)

Favorite Expression—"Oh you Kids!"
Ambition—Music Teacher.
Pastime—It isn't at the Kirby House.
Activities—Secretary of Students Council, skating.

PHYLLIS MILLER (Phyl)

Favorite Expression—"I get into more trouble!"
Ambition—To go north.
Pastime—Pest.
Activities—Basketball, dancing, skating.

KAY PHILLIPS

Favorite Expression—"Fuffle-guffle."
Ambition—First class stenographer.
Pastime—Going to the Engineers' Dances in Edmonton.
Activities—Basketball.

ANN ELLEN ADAMS

Favorite Expression—"I just met the nicest guy."
Ambition—Bachelor of Commerce.
Pastime—Keeping dates straight.
Activities—Skating, swimming.

DOREEN OLIVE

Favorite Expression—"I can't think of anything grimmer."
Ambition—Mayor of Stettler.
Pastime—Topping Hart's corny jokes.
Activities—Representative of Skating Club.

PHYLLIS COWIE (Skinny)

Favorite Expression—"Huba huba."
Ambition—To melt the ice on the front steps again.
Pastime—Melting the ice on the front steps.
Activities—Collecting records, bowling.

JUNE CECIL (Shorty)

Favorite Expression—"Good-oh!"
Ambition—To catch up to Joan in typing.
Pastime—"Mitch".
Activities—Treasurer on Student's Council."

HELEN GILFOY (Stumpy)

Favorite Expression—"You're a dull tool."
Ambition—To get a Biology frog equipped with a zipper.
Pastime—Andy.
Activities—Tennis, skating.

Calgary



Calgary



Calgary

Calgary

Trochu



Kimberley

Calgary



Stettler

Stettler



Calgary

Calgary



Calgary



VIRGINIA WALDIE (Gena)

Favorite Expression—"Any mail today?"

Ambition—Artist.

Pastime—Drawing.

Activities—Johnnie.

Calgary

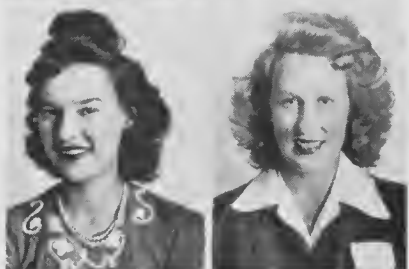
SHIRLEY COOMBS

Ambition—To have dreams instead of nightmares.

Pastime—Collecting biographies.

Activities—Commercial representative for Year Book.

Calgary



ELSIE MAIER (Tech)

Favorite Expression—"You crazy or something?"

Ambition—Designing.

Pastime—Collecting tickets on fur coats.

Activities—This is something we couldn't get out of her.

Castor

EDNA ULMER (Ed)

Favorite Expression—"What the heck!"

Ambition—To find stockings that don't need darning.

Pastime—Playing the piano.

Activities—Swimming, tennis, riding.

Castor



HELEN MCNEILL

Favorite Expression—"Call me at 6:30."

Ambition—150 words per minute.

Activities—Skating, dancing at the Palliser.

Empress

RETA MAE FAWCETT (Tap)

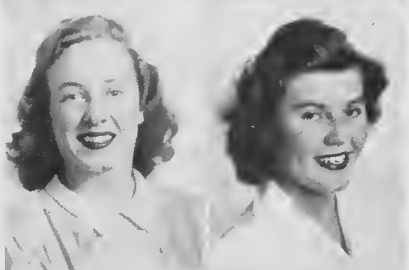
Favorite Expression—"Aw come on, Phyl."

Ambition—A little gray home in the west.

Pastime—General nuisance.

Activities—Dancing, batching.

Nanton



ANNE MONTGOMERY (Monty)

Favorite Expression—"O Glory!"

Ambition—To tidy up that clothes closet some day.

Pastime—Vacant staring.

Activities—Piano.

Banff

EYVONNE LEWIS (Vonnice)

Favorite Expression—"Cut as a bug."

Ambition—To be a nurse.

Pastime—Studying.

Activities—Tennis.

Claresholm



MARY PHILP

Favorite Expression—"Is everybody happy?"

Ambition—To luff peanuts.

Pastime—Riding street-cars.

Activities—A wolf(ing) cub pack.

Calgary

FLORA HELTON

Favorite Expression—"Oh for heck's sake."

Ambition—Sing in an opera.

Pastime—Getting near the heat.

Activities—Eating sundaes after school.

Cardston



JOAN SAVAGE (Nonny)

Favorite Expression—"H1038 anytime."

Ambition—To make up her mind.

Pastime—It ain't knittin'.

Activities—Riding.

Calgary

MARIAN LAWRIE (Dommy)

Favorite Expression—"You know?"

Ambition—Journalist.

Pastime—Music and George.

Activities—Could it be Australians?

Calgary

FRANCES MALCHOW (Fran)

Favorite Expression—"Hey, you guys."

Ambition—Private secretary.

Pastime—Reminiscing about O.S.A.

Activities—Cycling.

ILA MAE HORSLEY (Slick-Chick)

Favorite Expression—"No kidding!"

Ambition—Varsity.

Pastime—Dreaming of that man in Edmonton.

Activities—Washing.

MADGE THOMAS

Favorite Expression—"Cripes!"

Ambition—Organist.

Pastime—Music.

Activities—Piano, organ.

WINNIFRED PORTIOUS (Winnie)

Favorite Expression—"It's that man again."

Ambition—120 words per minute.

Pastime—Phoning and writing to a certain???

Activities—Softball, swimming.

EDNA PLOWMAN (Ed)

Favorite Expression—"Yipes."

Ambition—Herc's where the censors took over.

Pastime—Scrourging gum from Bill.

Activities—Skating, hiking.

LORNA WILLIAMS (Willie)

Favorite Expression—"Gee, Winnie, was he cute!"

Ambition—First class stenographer.

Pastime—Riding in taxis.

Activities—Skating, swimming.

KAYE KNIGHTS

Favorite Expression—"That I like."

Ambition—Teach dramatics.

Pastime—Dramatics, Y.W.C.A.

Activities—Badminton.

MARGUERITE MOXIN

Favorite Expression—"Go away, you bother me."

Ambition—Nil.

Pastime—Waiting for that man.

Activities—Bowling.

ETHEL EARL (Short Circuit)

Favorite Expression—"Oh, brother!"

Ambition—Definitely censored.

Pastime—Well, it isn't Homework.

Activities—Hiking.

LEONA SPANKE

Favorite Expression—"Oh! for Pete's sake!"

Ambition—To graduate.

Pastime—Visiting the Broadway.

Activities—Bowling, wrestling with Kae.

KAE CAMERAN

Favorite Expression—"Nuts."

Ambition—Stenog. on a Royalite shot's kneec.

Pastime—Looking at that man's picture.

Activities—Solitaire, wrestling with Spanke.

NETTIE SHULMAN

Favorite Expression—"Quick like a funny bunny."

Ambition—To retire.

Pastime—Gazing at Jewellers' windows.

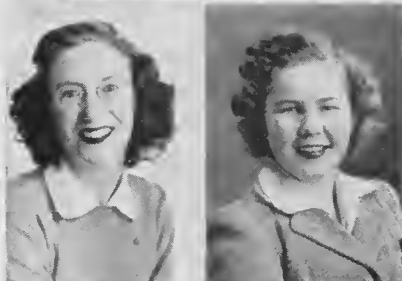
Activities—Golf.

Stavely



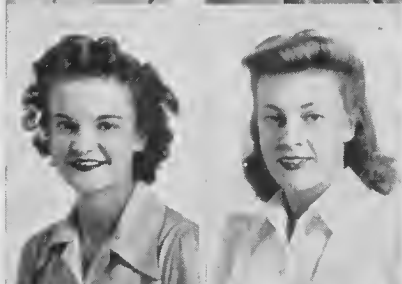
Three Hills

Calgary



Strathmore

Drumheller



Calgary

Calgary



High River

Mountain View

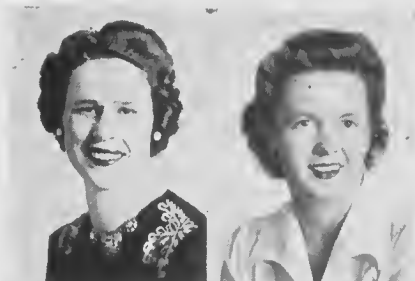


Vulcan

Turner Valley



Calgary



VIVIAN GRIFFIN

Champion

Favorite Expression—"Don't you want to live?"
Ambition—University in U.S.A.
Pastime—Exchanging stories with her roommate.
Activities—Anything that's new.



GLEE JESSIE

Calgary

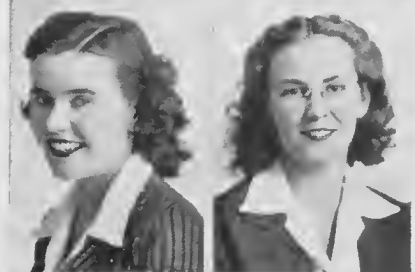
Favorite Expression—"Don't fence me in on weekends."
Ambition—Eliminate the negative.
Pastime—Reading old love letters.
Activities—Inert and Inactive.



DOROTHY McEWEN (Dot)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"I want to go home."
Ambition—It's going to be a surprise.
Pastime—Okotoks.
Activities—Thinking up a fast answer.



DONNA MacRAE (Gloria)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Come on, get crackin'."
Ambition—To live in Bassano.
Pastime—Eating.
Activities—Bowling.



MURIEL WARD

Nanaimo, B.C.

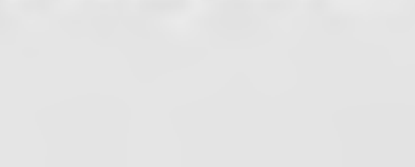
Favorite Expression—"My brother Allen says."
Ambition—To work in Alaska.
Pastime—Going to the kitchen for something to eat.
Activities—Seeing that everyone gets enough to eat.



MARJORIE FOYSTON

Invermere, B.C.

Favorite Expression—"Oh fine thing."
Ambition—Since she came to Mount Royal she lost it.
Pastime—Waiting for Roy to phone.
Activities—Nothing strenuous.



BETTY CLARKE (Bet)

Coronation

Favorite Expression—"Come on, you kids, get up."
Ambition—Chief food sampler at Ciro's.
Pastime—Listening to Cowboy Songs.
Activities—Skating, Dancin'.

FLORENCE DOWNE (Slim)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Why shore."
Ambition—Degree in Music.
Pastime—Don—from "Tee".
Activities—Skating, bowling.

GWYNETH JONES (Jonesy)

Calgary

Favorite Expression—Greetings.
Ambition—Secretary with a fat pay check.
Pastime—Talking.
Activities—Missing street ears.

IRIS MacLEOD

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Do you know what, Elva?"
Ambition—Speak in a normal tone.
Pastime—Strolling in the moonlight.
Activities—Cycling, bowling.

IRMA FLETCHER

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"Are you kidding?"
Ambition—To get out of M.R.C.
Pastime—Gazing at her lovely hands.
Activities—Skating.

IVY BRAND

Calgary

Favorite Expression—"That woman!"
Ambition—To take a job where she can sleep till noon.
Pastime—Teasing everyone (tsk! tsk!)
Activities—Bowling, roller skating.

ELVA ROBISON (Butch)

Favorite Expression—"Say! did you hear!"
Ambition—She wonders.
Pastime—Strathmore and Calgary.
Activities—Four and Two-legged animals.

EARLENE LEPPARD

Favorite Expression—"Books away."
Ambition—Hold everyone's hand (nurse).
Pastime—Navy blue.
Activities—Skating.

RUTH JACKSON (Jackie)

Favorite Expression—"Gee Whiz."
Ambition—Get Flora and Frances up in time for breakfast.
Pastime—Climbing in and out of the top bunk.
Activities—Skating, hiking.

NANCY STEVENETT (Nan)

Favorite Expression—"Connie! where's your stockings?"
Ambition—Nurse.
Pastime—Singing and piano.
Activities—Writing poetry and stories.

ILLA RUE RICE

Favorite Expression—"Oh brother!"
Ambition—Chartered Accountant.
Pastime—Sleeping in on weekends.
Activities—Henry.

LILLY DUCHSCHER (Lilly the Toiler)

Favorite Expression—"I love that man."
Ambition—Secretary to a tall, dark and handsome man.
Pastime—Studying Law.
Activities—Men.

JOHN HEIMBECKER

Favorite Expression—"How do you write this in short hand?"
Ambition—Accountant.
Pastime—A certain Red Head.
Activities—Hockey.

FRANK KETTENBACH

Favorite Expression—"What did we have to do in English?"
Ambition—Chartered Accountant.
Pastime—Collecting swing records.

FRANK DELAY (Curly)

Favorite Expression—"Spot you 40 and take you on."
Ambition—Court Reporter.
Pastime—Playing billiards at the Blue Room.
Activities—Member of General Accountants of Calgary.

RONALD NEWBORN (Ron)

Favorite Expression—"Who dat in dere."
Ambition—Type with more than one finger.
Pastime—The hot spots in town.
Activities—Basketball—and how!

JOY ECHARDT (Red)

Favorite Expression—"No! is that right?"
Ambition—Great Painter.
Pastime—Singing, Painting.
Activities—Skating, Si Delta Chi.

Strathmore

Calgary

East Coulee

Innisfail

Torrington

Kelowna, B.C.

Rockyford

Calgary

Calgary

Calgary

Calgary

WILLIAM KARR (Cowboy King)

Favorite Expression—"You fool boy."
Ambition—President of a big, big, big company.
Pastime—Cards—What else—they all do it.
Activities—Hockey, softball.

Empress



MUSIC

Mount Royal College Conservatory of Music

In Affiliation with The Toronto Conservatory of Music

Director—JASCHA GALPERIN



One of the liveliest and most interesting sections of Mount Royal College is the Conservatory of Music. Under the very able guidance of Mr. Jascha Galperin, who has proved himself over a number of years to be a Director of untiring energy and zeal, this Department has grown and flourished until today Mount Royal Conservatory of Music has come to occupy a unique position in Western Canada. Its reputation as a first-rate school of music extends far beyond the boundaries of the Province of Alberta. It has been successful in attracting a Faculty of highly trained specialists in the various branches of the art, and offers the music students of Alberta facilities for study equal to those of the leading institutions of Eastern Canada and the United States.

Among the many attractive features of great benefit to the music student at the Conservatory, are the frequent concerts and recitals that are given during the year in the College Auditorium. Important works of the great masters, instrumental, vocal and ensemble are performed by students and professional musicians. These concerts and recitals are a real advantage to the student as he has the opportunity of hearing and becoming acquainted with many musical works, as well as the important experiences of performing himself. Students from all grades are permitted to perform at special Students' Recitals, and these are of inestimable benefit, giving an incentive to greater effort on the part of the student and also affords an opportunity for developing his self-confidence, essential for a good performance.

All possible provision is also made for piano students who wish to gain experience in ensemble playing. Students' Chamber Music Concerts are given periodically.

The Faculty also give a number of Chamber Music Recitals each season under the leadership of Mr. Galperin, that have become increasingly popular with the general public. These programmes are interesting and varied and include little known works of great composers, and first performances in Canada of some modern composers' compositions have been given. This series of Recitals makes an important contribution to Calgary's musical life and the public has signified its appreciation of the preparation and performance of these unusual works. Visiting artists are often invited to perform

at this series as an additional feature of interest.

Mount Royal College Conservatory of Music is especially proud of its College Symphony Orchestra. Of the various successful musical ventures of the Director, the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Mr. Galperin and composed of the more advanced Conservatory students, has perhaps achieved the highest measure of success. The very excellent and inspiring public concerts given each season to packed houses testify to the marvelous accomplishment with the students. Talented advanced students of the Conservatory are given the opportunity of appearing as soloists with the Orchestra at the public concerts from time to time. Details concerning the Symphony Orchestra are set out in a separate article elsewhere in this booklet.

There is a Conservatory Junior Orchestra conducted by Miss Joan Hobson, which rehearses once a week and affords a valuable means of training young students in Orchestra routine and prepares them for work of a more advanced character.

Special Theory classes are conducted by Mr. Leonard Leacock, for which there is a small charge.

Aural training classes are conducted by Mr. Cyril S. Mossop, for which there is no charge to the student.

Students so desiring are prepared for the examinations of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of London, England, and for Musical Festival Competitions.

Practice studios are provided for students.

The following comprise the personnel of the Conservatory's teaching staff:

Jascha Galperin—*Director.*

Cyril S. Mossop, L.T.C.L., A.T.C.M.—*Organ, Voice, Piano.*

Leonard Leacock, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.—*Piano and Theory.*

Gwendoline Parsons, A.R.C.M., L.R.S.M.—*Piano.*

Gladys Borthwick, A.T.C.M.—*Piano.*

Joan Hobson, A.T.C.M.—*Violin and Viola.*

Winnifred Lacey, A.T.C.M.—*Violin.*

Robert Spergel—*Piano and 'Cello.*

Norma Piper—*Voice.*

MOUNT ROYAL COLLEGE

In Affiliation with the University of Alberta
as a Junior College

JOHN H. GARDEN, B.A., B.D., Principal

Residential and Day College for Young Men and Young Women

UNIVERSITY COURSES leading to the degrees of B.A., B.Sc., B.Educ., LL.B., B.Sc.:M.D., B.Sc.:D.D.S., B.A.:B.Sc. in Engineering, B. Com. etc.

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INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION, CAREFUL SUPERVISION,
CHRISTIAN ENVIRONMENT

Write the *Registrar* for Calendar and full information in regard to
Entrance Scholarships and Bursaries.



by EILEEN HART

To create a purge of anti-socialism in M.R.C. would meet with the same dire fate as trying to take the juke box from Gus's or taking the horn from Harry. Everyone gave their utmost attention and co-operation to our functions. From all reports it was no painful labor. Every party scored a hit and after each dance the next one was looked forward to with youthful eagerness and our anticipation was always justly fulfilled. We did have fun. Thanks go to Eleanor Whitbread, 'Varsity, and Dorothy Jones, Commercial.

RECEPTION TO STUDENTS AND PARENTS

On September 29th, Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Garden, Mrs. Bell and the Faculty received the students, their parents and friends. By nine o'clock when everyone was quite well acquainted and hilariously happy the dancing began to the sweet and low strains of the "Music Makers". Beauteous gals, in colorful formals, filled the hall. Your reporter was taken aback on seeing so many men. I heard no objections from the stagettes.

HALLOWE'EN DANCE

Amid the galaxy of black and orange streamers, our student body frolicked and danced to the orchestra of "R.M." To add that right note of mysticism befitting Halowe'en, a fortune teller was provided for the evening. "Madame the Wizard" read your palm and peered into the future much to the enjoyment of everyone. At eleven-thirty refreshments were served in the dining room. Did they go for the hot dogs and apples? I'll say! Dancing resumed until one. Needless to say, we were all reluctant to leave. The Commercial Department was responsible for this dance.

SADIE HAWKINS

At first the shy belles objected, but before the dance was over were they glad they came! The riotous race of the previous morning proved a blessing. There were no wall flowers, no sad sams diligently guarding the door. Corn, done strictly Dog-Patch style, was the key-note. Kick-a-poo joy juice and rugged looking comic strip signs adorned the stage. The wax ran hot to these good discs, presented over a P.A. system. During intermission, sandwiches and coffee were served to the hungry horde. Some

unsuspecting dancers sampled the "joy-juice"—now they know what it feels like to have their mouths washed out with soap. I heard a shy male heave a sigh and remark, "What will we do after Leap Year?" The Dance was super, thanks to the High School executive.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

For weeks President Bart McCulloch was wandering around advertising his troupe of professionals. He and the whole executive helpfully hinted, "Come and see Shakespeare done up right." We had our doubts, naturally. Meanwhile, we waited with baited breath and finally during intermission we saw IT. Never shall we forget the sight of Jack Maughan as Juliet and petit Pee Wee as Romeo. The effect was dynamic. The other two skits were equally as good. A spicy drama of life in the boys' dorm was presented. Need I say, we howled. Music was provided by the P.A. system. A lunch of hot dogs and coffee filled the bill. Everyone departed full of mirth and hoping for more of the same.

CHRISTMAS DINNER AND PLAY

On the last Thursday before the holidays the resident students were guests at the annual Christmas banquet in the dining hall. Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Garden and guests along with the students, enjoyed a turkey dinner which was more than a little to our liking. Each table had been decorated by the students previous to the supper hour and during the evening the artistic efforts were judged. The Christmas Fantasia, done up by Jim Henderson's table, was awarded the grand prize. Second prize was given to Florence Bell and her table. The dinner was followed with all the rare treats such as nuts, fruit and candy. Each table sang a ditty, done up in barber shop quartette style. Later the Drama Club, under Mrs. Paterson's excellent direction, presented a Christmas play, "Pop Reads a Christmas Carol"—which came off very well.

NEW YEAR'S PROM

The University class sponsored a formal programme dance on January 5th. The decorations were colossal. Blue figures silhouetted the walls and silver and blue stars hung from the lights. Numerous visions and their handsome escorts (I must say it) floated along to the

rhythms of the "Music Makers". I identified two dreams in white as D. J. Jones and Janet Eastes. Mary Duncanson was seen rustling about in a pert taffeta number. Sandwiches, cake and coffee sustained the appetites and the last half of the dance was a perfect end to a lovely evening. Some of the beautiful corsages were dutifully waxed or pressed and mounted in souvenir scrap-books or stored away in a vanity drawer to be looked at longingly in years to come.

JANUARY 26th—COUNCIL

On January 26th the Students Council put on a Dance with music provided by the P.A. System. The ad-libbing at the mike by Isobel Anderson is definitely worth noting. She really made the guys and gals step lively. The jitterbug contest was won by Ted and Amy Gee. A few of our staid waltzers could certainly take a few pointers from Gee and Gee. Charles Garden did a neat job of proposing before the mike to Alice Finlayson,—of course there was a prize offered. During intermission sweet mellow discs, cake and doughnuts were served. Did we like that!

SHAN GRI LA

The evening of February 9th was the night a private street car provided transportation out to this exclusive place of entertainment. Everyone liked the cozy atmosphere, the good music, cokes and chicken sandwiches. The girls verbally praised the soft lighting on the crisp checkered table-cloths. It certainly sounds good and it was good.

VALENTINE DANCE

From 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock a professional magician was in attendance dazzling us with his tricks of every type. Thanks go to the Commercial class for this sparkling touch of ingenuity. To appropriate the theme Pee Wee Maclean was rightly underdressed as Cupid and was equipped with bow and arrows. Refreshments consisting of cake and doughnuts were served in the auditorium. All in all it was a veritable Valentine volley of fun and frolic.

HAY RIDE

The night of March 9th proved too good to be true. The weather was perfect and the fact that the wagons were a little crowded didn't put a damper on the fun. The hay riders stopped five miles out on the Sarece road and partook of hot dogs and cake. Frank Kettenback provided accompaniment with his accordion for the polkas and schottisches. For days collegiates were extracting hay from their hair and clothes. More than a few people were nursing aching joints too. It couldn't have been that crowded.

"BACH TO BOOGIE"

We have never seen anything like it! I can no longer play the role of the staid reviewer. Perhaps I have been carried away by my enthusiasm.

On Friday, March 23rd, I saw "Bach to Boogie" presented by the *Scratch Pad* in the M.R.C. auditorium. There we got the verdict from two hundred people. It was a colossal big little show. Stack their opinions up with my own little burst of enthusiasm and you have a rash understatement. We were thrilled, excited, moved beyond words, to see these kids perform and produce such a sensational hit.

In our eyes it was so great because it was directed by one of our own students, Norm Sanderson. We'd never seen a wittier, more versatile Master of Ceremonies than Hy Aisenstat. We'd never heard such boogie as dished out by the twin piano team of Doug Ciley and Herb Patterson.

This tuneful panorama of musical history had everything. The base violin and drums of Bobby Jones and the piano rhapsodies of Yvonne Wood; Ted Gee and Marian Bunyan sang the modern sentimental ballads; Frank Kettenback's vocal chords did justice to the newest juke box jive; one number feature of the instrumental trio was delightfully interspersed with a dance done in the inimitable jitterbug style of Ted and Amy Gee. We were also gifted in having the renowned musical talents of Leonard Leacock, Robert Spergel and Jaseha Galperin.

This merry musical is what we want more of.

This story takes us down into the hills of the Southern States where the poor Hillbilly inevitably is the victim of jokes and stories of all description.

The two Hillbillies that are the victims of this story had never been on a train before it seems, so they were really heartily enjoying the scenery and taking in everything about them. After a few hours the porter came around selling fruit and candy, etc. The Hillbillies looked his wares over and with smug proudness decided they would buy something. The porter suggested that they buy some bananas. As far as these chaps were concerned, such a thing as a banana did not exist back in the hills.

"What are they for?" asked one fellow.

"Why, you eat them, of course," replied the porter scornfully.

So they purchased a banana each; one chap peeled his and was eating it with a great deal of enjoyment, when they entered a tunnel, as this was a mountainous section of the South. Through the dark coach the Hillbilly who had been enjoying his banana a few minutes before hysterically cried out to his friend, "Hey, have you eaten that there thing we bought from the Darkie yet?"

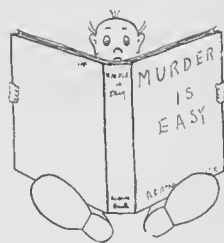
"Nope," came the reply.

"Well, for gosh sakes don't! I just ate mine and I've turned stone blind."

FIRST PRIZE PATRIOTIC ESSAY

You Know, I Like My Country

Bill Harrison



They flopped down on the cool, soft grass, exhausted. The rest came behind, all sinking down on the green pasture for a few minutes well earned leisure. The many trees shaded each foot-sore, sweaty soldier. It was just a month after D-day, which to these men meant thirty days of weary marching and bitter fighting. This particular company of soldiers looked the same as any you might have seen had you been on the Cherbourg peninsula that day. However, there was one distinguishing feature about them. Although not a prominent one, it was one which to them, meant all they were fighting for. Sewn upon every man's shoulder, for all the world to see, was the one word, Canada.

Beside a tiny brook, sitting off by themselves, were four tired soldiers. One, a big fellow with sergeant's stripes on his sleeve, was cursing his feet while he dangled them in the refreshing water. Off to his right, smoking with evident pleasure, was a tall, slim corporal from out Vancouver way. He was Larry, the best shot in the company. Dozing at his feet was Dave, the good-looking guy, who, unless he was asleep, invariably talked of Ontario or of his wife. A little further away, lay a boy from the prairies, brown and fit, but very young. With just one glance at this group, a person would conclude that at that minute, every chap there was, in his thoughts and hopes, back in his far-away paradise of Canada.

Dave opened his eyes to watch a swallow flitting about in the sky. "You know," he said to no one in particular, "that swallow reminds me of the farm back home. It's sure good to see something so homelike, isn't it fellows? I remember one spring about six years ago I cleaned out about two dozen swallow nests from the rafters in the barn. But I'll tell you guys right now, when I get back, I'm going to put up a big sign telling all the swallows that they're welcome to every doggone building Nora and I have! Yes-sir! I sure like swallows now."

Then up spoke the Kid, with the dreamy expression still on his unshaven features, "Yep, it's the little things, like those birds, that make a guy homesick alright. You come from a farm too Dave, you must know how good it feels to stand on a high piece of land somewhere and

gaze down on the rich brown earth, 'specially when there's a slight breeze and the grass is wisping back and forth. That's what I miss most, except maybe for my gal, but then gals and land are two different things. Kind of nice things, though, aren't they?" Then with a half-smile on his cheerful face, he turned to Larry, "'Course, Larry, you've got no real desire to go back to Canada seein' as how you come from the West Coast!"

"Why, you little squirt!" retorted Larry quickly, "If I wasn't so darn tired, I'd heave my rifle at you for that crack! Listen, you just tell me where, in all Canada, you could find a more pleasant, beautiful, peaceful and refreshing a spot than the Fraser Valley! If I was stuck out on the dirty old prairie like you I'd hop the first freight to the Coast. It's a wonder you're not nuttier than you are from being in the wide open spaces so long!"

The Kid laughed and replied, "Go 'way, you big overgrown Irishman, just because you're the best shot in the outfit, you think you hail from the best spot in Canada. I'm tellin' you, you have to live on the prairie to appreciate it. It gets in your blood after a while, and nothing on earth could induce you to leave it."

"You guys are both full of so much hot air!" exploded the Sarge, lacing up his boots. "Have either of you ever been in New Brunswick? That is *the* country. It's got everything, including the nicest salmon and trout streams in the whole blasted world!" At this point the Sarge's excitement rose to such a pitch that he lost his footing and fell full-length into the stream.

Dave quietly observed, "Looks just like the pig I had back home that went in for a swim every day." They all joined in the hearty laughter that followed, until finally everything was quiet again except for the gentle curses of the Sarge, as he laid out his wet clothes to dry.

"The more I think about Canada, the better I like it," spoke up Larry as he cleaned and oiled his beloved rifle, "Canada's as good as any country as far as I can see. Sure, it hasn't got an awful lot of high-brow tradition, nor does she participate in much flag-waving such as a lot of countries do, but doggone, isn't she just about the nicest place you could imagine? Look at you Dave, you have a wife and kids back in

Ontario. Ontario's the richest province in Canada. You've a grand future. Besides that, when you get back you'll see that of all the countries in the world Canada is the one with the best opportunities for your kids. The Sarge can go back to his fishing in the Maritimes, knowing that while he has been away, the folks at home have taken care of the fish, so that life in the wilds will be more enjoyable than ever. That's what you want, isn't it Sarge? And you know doggone well that's what you're going to get. That's something else that makes Canada great."

At this point the Kid opened his mouth to speak, but Larry waved him down.

"Just a minute, Kid, I'm almost through. Take you for instance, you once told me that you joined up when you were seventeen, two years ago, just for the uniform. You wanted to show off to your gal. Well, maybe you showed off, but now I know you've found out that there is more to your enlisting than you thought at the time. You know now just what you are fighting for, you're fighting so you can see those large, wind-swept wheat fields, golden in the sun, only see them without a German soldier in front to spoil your view; you're fighting so you can return

to Canada, the country you know is really worth fighting for." Larry turned to the rest, "Isn't that why each one of us is here today? Sure it is. We're here because we couldn't stand to see Canada become anything but what it is intended to be—the richest, friendliest, and most hopeful country in all the world."

The Kid started to speak again, but was interrupted, not by Larry this time, but by the company sergeant-major yelling, "Form ranks, ready equipment, we're off!!"

Our four soldiers prepared themselves to march again. The Sarge, slipping into his wet clothes, but with mind still focusing on his own dear New Brunswick. Dave, looking down at the little brook because it reminded him of the one on his farm in Canada. Larry, thinking of his mother in the little cottage out Vancouver way, and lastly, the Kid, gazing up into the skies, dreaming of his girl and the fine future he had in the land of his dreams—Canada.

Suddenly the Kid turned to the rest, looking each squarely in the eye. He hesitated a little, then, with visible tears in his eyes, but with a smile spreading on his strong features, he said, "You know, fellows, I like my country."

The Works of Wordsworth and Coleridge

Margaret Wannop

His last lecture! That was the thought that kept crowding back into his mind—his last lecture before he retired. And, as he leaned back in his low deck chair, where he sat basking in the yellow sunlight, he passed his tired hand across his forehead, and searched his thoughts for something just a little different to tell those clear-eyed young boys and girls of his graduating class—something which would remain with them, and perhaps help them a little in their life after they left Westerton University. And, although he would not have admitted it, even to himself, something that would find again for him his old keen zest for living—after he had left his beloved college for all time.

The old professor picked up a book entitled "Wordsworth and Coleridge—Their Lives and Works", from a table nearby, and idly glanced over the pages. Suddenly, something caught his attention, and he began to read. It was a full hour later that he again laid it down, but when he did his eyes were bright with the spark of creation and, picking up a pencil, he began to write his speech.

The next night was graduation. As the old man rose slowly from his chair, and looked out

over the vast assembly, he was glad that he had chosen his topic as he had, although it was perhaps one of the strangest Convocation speeches that any university ever heard.

"Friends," he began, "You, as students of Westerton College are leaving its halls tomorrow, many of you forever. Let me beg one thing of you. When you go, no matter if you forget much, or all, of the book learning you have acquired here—will you remember this? To take with you wherever you go, a love of life, a joy of living, and a constant appreciation of the beautiful and the mystical. My few last words to you tonight are about two men—you have all studied them here—Wordsworth and Coleridge, and how they found these things, each in his own way, and how they can help us to find them, if our hearts are tuned to hear 'the still, sad music of humanity'.

"Wordsworth and Coleridge were poets. But to one was given the gift of feeling Nature's power like a glorious benediction over his spirit; to the other, the hand of fate stretched out and touched his head with a fire of mysticism. It was Wordsworth's ideal to listen to Nature's teachings, and to inscribe them in his

poetry as lasting things, with all the passion and fervor of which he was capable, so that they might be a code of pleasure and beauty for humanity; it was Coleridge's plan to tell his world and ours a little about that mystical land beyond the sunset, in the shadows of the moon and to allow us this escape into a 'Never-Never Land' of fancy. Each made poetry his medium: Wordsworth using all his mastery of common English to make Nature, and the ordinary things, living, vital forces; Coleridge taking us out of ourselves in a flight of fancy, and placing us where we could live only in the imagination.

"Wordsworth loved life. Loved it as could only one who was very close to the soul of the universe. He loved it with a passion that was not content with mere idolatry, but rather only with the ecstasy of knowing it was good, and the desire to share it with his fellows. Only Wordsworth could have said, in all his youthful fervor—

'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very Heaven!'

or could have penned, with such firm belief, the lines—

'—the world of all of us—the place, where, in
the end,

We find our happiness—'

"With his magnificent genius, he made nature very real for us. The very words he chose, and the sound effects he created, can make us close our eyes for a brief moment against the tumult of a world at war, and hear clearly his 'leafless trees and icy crags' as they tinkle like iron, or echo of the 'far distant hills'—sending out their 'alien sound of melancholy'. Only Wordsworth could have envisioned in his happy imagination, 'a laughing sea', and could have seen with his dreaming eyes, the earliest stars 'begin to move along the edges of the hills! Truly he found, and tried, in his deep sympathy for the common people, to show us all 'the pleasure which there is in life itself'.

"How well he proves to us that the deep and lasting fire of greatness can make the common, the everyday, become interwoven into the tapestry of our life as vivid, lasting, bits of color. A quiet sky, a yellow daffodil, or the last sweet notes of a nightingale—all transient as a dream, but all captured in their first splendor by brilliant description, by an ability to see 'into the life of things', by a poetry that will never die. Keep it alive, you students of Westerton. Forget—sometimes—your calculus and your Greek, and go 'forth into the light of things'—let Nature be your teacher. Seek for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Find the peace of silence—there is, you know, a quiet mountain top for each of you, 'amid the heart of many thousand mists'.

"There is rest in Wordsworth's poetry. A rest to which you can come when the toil and strain of the world's cares have been heavy, and can bask in 'the open sunshine of God's love', or listen to the 'thousand blended notes' of nature in some secluded grove. Go to him when you are tired and weary. Learn from him a love of the good and the beautiful, a love of the earthly things, and feel with him the calm of the perfect and sublime, and the very nearness of God. Wordsworth is not above you—he wrote about and loved the folk around him, who were just like you; but he can carry you to greater heights than you have yet scaled. He lived and worked among the common people, but his soul reached out to embrace the stars. As you go forth, remember him!

"Coleridge, his friend and co-worker, drew back the veil which shrouded mystery, and gave the supernatural that touch of reality which makes it almost plausible. With characteristic fire, he painted the picture of the Ancient Mariner—put common people into the supernatural setting, of a ship impelled by a spirit who had followed it 'nine fathoms deep, from the land of mist and snow'. With his realistic touch leading us, we find ourselves along with the mariner, suffering the very agonies of hell, as he sees 'the curse in a dead man's eye! The very atmosphere of the poem is supernatural,—even today, as we watch the 'grey-bearded loon' wandering from land to land, seeking, seeking, always seeking, and never finding peace!

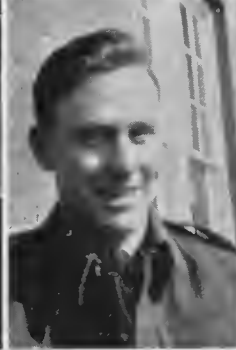
"In 'Christabel' too, he employed all the arts of which he was master to unite the supernatural and the commonplace. What could be more natural than a maiden kneeling at prayer and yet, the lines—

'Amid the jagged shadows
Of mossy, leafless boughs
Kneeling in the moonlight—'

have a weird and eerie atmosphere. Can you feel it—it is midnight, and the owls are calling softly—the old dog moans in his sleep!

"Consider the Oriental splendor of 'Kubla Khan' and 'that savage place as holy and enchanted as e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted'. To Coleridge belongs the grandeur of the ethereal and distant, to him the setting of the supernatural, the characters of the commonplace, his the language of poetry which creates atmosphere. Truly, he has crossed 'the shades of night', and has given us a striking picture of the mystical, brief dreams we dream in moments of deepest longing for the things—we know not what. Keep those dreams. Find, with Coleridge, in his 'forthright diction of the old ballads', a love of things other than the prosaic. Take with him, your wings of fancy.

(Continued on page 52)



Watch the Birdie.
Gruesome Twosome.
Wolfing.
Goo'bye.

Our Pop.
There's the Bell.
Loaded.
Howkey practice.

Norma
Our Gang.
Jes' waitin'.
Three's a crowd.

Dan'l Boone.
Strike Three.
Got a light?
"It"

Nuts
Luffing.
Down the hatch.
Serious Discussion.

SPORTS



*Left to right: Walter Johnson, Jim Barber (Captain), Don Phillips, Charles Garden, George Villett, Ron Newborn, Doug Ciley, Jim Dalton, Mr. N. Free (Coach).
Not in Picture: Ross McFarland, Eric Bishop.*



This year was an excellent, possibly even a gala year for M.R.C. sports. Certainly in recent years there has been nothing to compare with the high standards of good clean sport (and lots of it) which was brought forth this year. One can thank the many people, especially Mr. Free, for organizing these sporting activities.

For all M.R.C. students, sports this year paved the way to real enjoyment. The many games provided solid, worthwhile entertainment for all of us. However, it wasn't simply the good times and parties which followed these games that made sports so well-liked. This year, sports aroused a wallop school spirit. In fact, such a wallop spirit that the opposition fans at the various games might as well not have been there for all the good they did. They were drowned out by good old M.R.C. yells from start to finish. That's what we may all be proud and thankful for. At last! At long last! A Mount Royal College School Spirit!

Thanks Rooters. Thanks a lot!

BASKETBALL

The main, and by far the most popular sport this year, was basketball. Why? Simple as ABC! We had the best team in at least recent M.R.C. history! It was a surprising team. As it turned out it surprised two City League teams to such an extent that the M.R.C. team entered the city finals.

At the conclusion of the regular hoop games, our team was tied with the West End team for last place. They played well during the regular schedule, but they simply could not click. Then, winning in a sudden death game with West End they moved triumphantly into the semi-finals.

The North Hill Sharpshooters looked good,

and to be perfectly frank we were afraid for our team. But not the boys! With a determined spirit, beautiful playing, and lots of rooting, they thundered past the North Hill squad in a two game total-point series with a margin of 15 points.

Then, on they went to the finals! On top of the league all year, the East End Rec's were definitely a five point team. The first game of the finals, our boys went in and gamely absorbed a 41-28 beating, being unable to cope with the style of the attackers. The second game was a story book affair. With two minutes to go the M.R.C. team was 4 points down. Then flashy Jim Barber casually flipped in two baskets. The game was tied 26-26 and one minute to go! What happened? A foul to East End. Ron Newborn stepped up and cool as a cucumber, made a perfect basket, winning for M.R.C. 27-26.

It was certainly tough, after that hard-won victory, to have East End's power trample our lads down to win the series and championship in the last game.

HOCKEY

The team, formed too late for City Leagues, played very few games. Wait now, don't jump to conclusions. It was a good team, in fact a real good team, for in all four games they played, they won, and won by a sizeable score to boot. Only one—the game with the Plus-4s—was close. The scores were: M.R.C. 5, Greyhounds 1; M.R.C. 5, Langdon 1; M.R.C. 12, Tech 2; M.R.C. 5, Plus-4s 3.

They were all good games, but we can't blame the boys for the lack of more of them, for the weather simply would not allow it.

Lineup: Ernie Haug (Captain), Harold Anderson (Coal), Bart McCulloch, Jack Holcombe, Bill Buchanan, Dave Buchanan, Nick

Chizick, Ray Brown, Jim Henderson, Ted Gee, Herschel Fawcett, Ross McFarland, Norm Whitney, John Heimbecker, Norm Sanderson, Jack Walper.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Fairly late in the year a girls' team was organized. After a little help from very (maybe too much so) helpful boys they looked good, in fact they looked wonderful! However, with but four or five players, they could do little and lost their only game to a WAAF team. They were enthusiastic and we admire them. Thanks for the show of spirit, girls! Maybe next year!!

Lineup: June Malchow, Phyl Miller, Edna Mellafont, Joy Eckardt, Kae Phillips, June Cecil.

TUMBLING

Shortly after Christmas, a tumbling club for both boys and girls was formed under the leadership of Walt Johnson. The girls turned out every Monday on the dot, and we do believe

that they enjoyed it more than the boys. It was fun and everyone had a tumbling good time (even the boys sneaking a look through the curtains when the gals were tumbling).

BADMINTON

Quite often, a gay group of gals and guys would meander over to the gym and bat the old bird around. Badminton wasn't awfully popular, but we know of a lot of kids who spent many hours at the once most popular M.R.C. sport.

We hope a badminton club will be formed next year.

FASTBALL

A bit of playing was done last fall but the majority of the boys are looking forward to spring. A suggestion for a three team inter-M.R.C. league is being taken very seriously, and might possibly bring about some real hardball or softball games. We hope so!

Everyone Off to His Bed Now Boys

In the good ol' days at M.R.C.
After warning bell at ten thirty
The pattering feet continue to pat,
And my roommate's trombone is moaning flat,
"Doc" gives out with threatening noise,
"Everyone off to his bed now boys."

On other nights before exams,
Lights are bright while everyone rams,
Just as the formula reaches a form,
Darkness blankets the entire dorm,
Out of the depths a nonchalant voice
Says, "Everyone off to his bed now boys."

I take a shower late tonight,
It's ten twenty-five, but that's alright,
I dry myself and don my gown,
The filaments flicker and then die down,
I hear as I slip and lose my poise,
"Everyone off to his bed now boys."

There's a bull session on in "10" tonight,
The stories are reaching record height.
Bells have rung, our spinner needs help,
Who gets him out with a dreadful yelp,
It's that ominous phrase that Doc employs,
"Everyone off to his bed now boys."

On a rainy day ten years from now,
Life is grim and spirits are low,
You'll look back to your Alma Mater
And see what a fool you were to hate 'er.
Those melodious notes would bring back joys—
"Everyone off to bed now boys."

Bill Lyons.

ART & DRAMA



Room 7 is a busy place every Saturday morning. Easels and Still Life subjects are set up. A number of young enthusiasts don smocks and express their favorite art interests with brush, pencil or charcoal. Mrs. Mirian Moore, A.R.D.S., A.A.S.A., is the Director.

The Life Class is especially interesting to both models and art students. Quick poses and portrait studies are much enjoyed. Since the class was first organized, one of the favorite models has been six-year-old Joan Johnson. Joan and her sister Lorraine, a very promising artist member of the class left in March to reside at Victoria and they are really missed.

This year, six boys did a series of cartoons and produced many original characters in amusing situations. From life, they drew sketches and caricatures; from imaginations, they made illustrations showing several figures in action.

When the weather was warm the class seized the opportunity to do landscape and animal drawing. The Zoo at St. George's Island had

many attractions. The students experienced the thrill of sketching the new lion cubs and their parents, Leo and Alberta; the deer; the polar bear and his cousins the brown bears; and various kinds of birds.

Every medium was represented in the year's work. Oils and water colors were most favored, but the cartoonists liked to express themselves with india ink or colored pencils. The smaller children preferred crayons and pastels.

Mrs. Moore is a member of the Alberta Society of Artists and in 1939 was elected an Associate of the Royal Drawing Society of London, England. She also holds a Teacher-Artist Certificate from the Royal Drawing Society. This permits her students to take the Society's examinations, exhibit there, and compete for prizes. Due to the war, shipping conditions have not warranted the sending of work to England, but it is hoped that when the war is over some of the students will take advantage of the opportunity.



Cast of the play "Don't Take My Penny", presented April 23, 1945.

The Drama Department has had a short but active season. Unfortunately, this department did not get organized until November 1st, but in the short Fall season they were able to cast, rehearse and present for the Christmas concert a one-act play entitled "Pop Reads the Christmas Carol." This comedy was well received. Much credit was due to the entire cast for their able performances and to Mrs. Flegal Paterson for her wonderful direction. The cast was as follows: Yvonne Turner, Lloyd Bowhay, Jessie Stanford, Ted Gee, Helen Rinchart, Jim Henderson, Donald Maclean.

Work progressed during the early spring season on the preparation of a three-act play entitled "Don't Take My Penny." This was a little more pretentious play than the Christmas presentation having a cast of seventeen players. After many weeks of hard work on both the

cast's and Mrs. Paterson's part, the play was presented on April 23rd. We are very happy and proud to say the play was very successful and I think the students were satisfied with it. Those who took part were: Yvonne Wood, Mr. Free, Yvonne Turner, Jim Henderson, Florence Bell, Lloyd Bowhay, Jessie Stanford, Ted Gee, Lucille Horspool, Jim Riddell, Ruth Craig, Robert Spergel, Phyllis Miller, Allen Kerr, Etoyal Johnston, Charles Huband, Marian Bunyan. We are inclined to believe that the greater part of the success of this play was due to the excellent direction of Mrs. Leona Flegal Paterson.

In addition to the play work, regular classes are held throughout the week, in which instruction is given in voice culture, make-up, public speaking and other arts pertaining to the field of dramatics.

THRU THE OFFICE WINDOW

By Daisy Mac

As I open one eye and grope for the class bell at *approximately* 8:25 in the morning I see sleepy looking students wending their way to class and some of them even have books in their hands and look like they might be prepared to work. Others just wander along and suddenly wake up to the fact they have no books and dash to the office to see if the books are there by some strange chance of fate (usually in the form of the janitor). As the day progresses the books gradually disappear from the office only to take up residence there the next night (it's so nice for students who have two sets of books; they can study at school and home both). Then of course there are some books who don't know where the office is and seem to like someone else better than their owner, so friend owner wanders around and just *can't* get his homework done because he hasn't any books.

Life goes on fairly smoothly from there on, except for the odd question (once every half minute)—"Could I please have a pencil—I just can't do my homework if I haven't one" or "Could I have a stamp? I have to get this letter out right away", or "When will the school sweaters be ready?" (that is a very good question), or "Is the 'Yearbook' coming out this year?" I really think the favorite question is, "May I please use the phone?"—And so days come and go and there never is a dull moment in ye old office. But one of these days I think I'll go back to the asylum and get a less nerve-racking job.

SONNET XXIX

Shakespeare

When in disgrace in my parents' and teachers' eyes

I loudly lament my probationary state
And trouble my roommate with my woeful cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate.

Wishing me like to one more rich in aims,
Featured like him, like him with good looks
possest,
Desiring this man's notes and that man's brains,
With what I strive o'er most, one long vain
quest.

Yet in this dilemma myself almost despising
Happily I think o'er the year—and then my
state
Like to the dorm at break of day arising,
From sleepy depths, sings hymns at the
heaven's gate;
For happy College days remembered, such
wealth brings
That I would scorn to change my place with
kings.

Profound apologies,

WENDY.

SCRATCH PAD



The "Scratch Pad"

It seems that, youthful by comparison though it is, Mount Royal College has developed certain rigid traditions. Some of these are connected with the student publication, the *Scratch Pad*. So, being sticklers for convention, this year's staff has kept to the straight and narrow, starting late in the year and only publishing two issues.

However, also being original, they made slight changes in policy, which they feel will too, in their turn become traditional—Such as the exorbitant price charged for a subscription, which had the effect of, for the first time in history, not only not costing the Students' Council a fortune but actually making money for it. Out of approximately 250 students, 235 subscriptions were sold.

The *Scratch Pad* featured many things and many people, conforming to the policy that all plagiarism was to be original. Nothing was to be done the same as it had been done before, and strange as it may seem the results were as they had never been before.

Articles featured were such things as "The Ed. and Co-Ed." page, with the Editorial by Editor Jack Black, and "Wormwood Natterings" by Co-Editor Ernie Mainwood. Then there was the breathtaking and eerie serial (corn-flakes) "The Saga of Scotland Yarn" with its merciless and slippery "Phantom of Phittle Hills"—Author Unknown. Also the now famous "Scotch and Irish" by Sandy Sanderson and Hymie O'Aisenstat. The screamful cartooning and characterizations of Bill Lyons were true art. Other regulars were "Bilge", "Dissa and Datta about Stuffa Dat Matta", "Social-Ites", "Sports", "Highly Improbable", "Diggin the Discs" and "Weather Forecast". Outside articles on "Jazz" by Jimmy Lowe and accomplice added to the general value of it all.

The staff was large with each doing an equal and brilliant share. They were: Joan Wilkes, Gordon Leslie, Zel Sauder, Wendy Wynn, Eileen Hart, Janet Eastes, Yvonne Turner, Wilda Bussey, Bill Harrison, Marjorie McKechnie, Jack Walper and Jim Reddekopp. The typists were too numerous to mention but they were the hardest worked and most appreciated bunch of slaves yet.

REVIEW OF SCOTCH AND IRISH or

THE EDITOR'S REVENGE

Fanfare, bugles, trumpets, the whole brass band . . . H Hour, D Day has arrived.

And so, as you see by the above, still blowing our own horns, heah we are, "The Gay Scott and the Wandering Irishman."

What is *this*?—What does it look like?—Oh yeah! Ya wanna rattle?—And of course, what else could it be but the old familiar tune of "Scotch and Irish".

"Scotch and Irish", the immortal tale of harrowing and noble adventure as experienced by those two supreme examples of pink-blooded Canadian youth, Sandy Sanderson and Hymie O'Aisenstat.

Many the time (2 for 35c) has the vast public of the *Scratch Pad* thrilled, chilled, screamed and beamed, and sometimes even beamed, screamed, chilled and thrilled at the sagacious doodling of these two doddlers.

They have stormed the Block house and obtained hard won by standing room in "Gus's Grissly Grill". They have cast infantry from the booths (could Zombies be that strong) and survived the quaffing of Grissly Gus's obnoxious brew. They have become lost in the dark and drissley quagmire of 17th Avenue, ending up as "Rear-view Admirals" of the gallant ship H.M. C.S. *Tecumseh*. They have been dishonorably discharged for sinking that ship. They have been fired from the *Scratch Pad* staff, because I had to write this ††*!††*! review. In fact, what haven't they?

And, of course, the moral of these articles is, "Don't trust anybody—because where will it get you—in the end?"



"Dad, do you remember that story you told me about your being expelled from College."

"Yes, son."

"Well, I'm telling it to you now!!"

WORMWOOD NATTERINGS

By Ernie "Energy" Mainwood

(Stolen from next year's *Scratch Pad*)

Another spring has more or less sprang (all right, so there's no such word, but since when have the writers of this rag worried about details like words). The blessings of this season are many and varied. The most noticeable feature about this time of year is the dear little birds. Just what the little feathered devils add to Spring I wouldn't know, but every year some fool comes up with some second-rate poem about them. In my opinion the lax character who dreamed up that little gem about the wing being on the boid instead of the boid on the wing should have been liquidated shortly after birth.

Of course, I have been prejudiced against birds, especially Bobolinks, ever since I was forced to memorize "Robert of Lincoln", with all its nauseating "spink, spank, spink", in my tender and impressionable childhood. (Some people say I have never left childhood, which only goes to prove that they have nothing to do. Or something.) I leave it to the reader. Was the guy who wrote that drivel drunk or insane?

Ornithologists say that there is nothing in this world that can beat a good bird. I disagree strongly. If given a choice I can think of many things that I would take instead of a bird. Ornithologists are sad, frustrated people who sneer at people who don't like birds. Anything a bird does, even a pigeon, is all right with them. That's just the kind of people they are.

I ask you, what could be more delightful than legions of beautiful sparrows under your bedroom window at 7:00 a.m. on a Saturday morning? Does it not make you feel joyous and gay—giddy with the spirit of Spring? Does it not make you feel like busting one of them in his sunny little kisser? The average sparrow is content to sit on a telephone wire with 40,000 other sparrows and swear at you in sparrow language. That is about all he gets out of life.

The less said about robins, the better. I cannot speak calmly of robins. They eat worms.

Another feature of spring that I object to is the hordes of people who go around reciting, "In the spring a young man's fancy, lightly turns to thoughts of love." These people are too innocent for their own well-being. They don't seem to realize that the guy has been thinking about the same thing all the preceding summer, winter, and fall.

(One thing about spring, though, is that it provides fine camouflage for the complexions of the *Scratch Pad* staff.)

Tin Pan Alley seems to make quite a bit of happy cabbage out of this wondrous season.

Every year some dolt produces a song that invariably includes the words "moon, June, love, and above". I guess Mendelssohn started it and everybody has been spring sappy ever since.

You'll notice that this issue just breathes the spirit of spring. In fact, in places it positively pants. (Speaking of spirits—but then, again, I guess we'd better not.)

I guess I'd better go. I just saw a delegation of birds headed by a gentleman in a white coat with a strait jacket in his hand.

MUSIC ? ? ? ? ?

By Leonard H. Leacock

(*This is an answer to an article on Music, written by Jimmy Lowe, which appeared in the last "Scratch Pad".*)

Dr. Samuel Johnson classed music as being "the least disagreeable of noises", but I imagine he would undoubtedly change his opinion were he able to hear the various degrees of groans, sighs and cacaphony that now passes as music.

Some people accept the strident and alarming discords and rhythms of Stravinsky or the soulful exhalations of Sinatra as music; others still think only in terms of Mozart or the early writings of Duke Ellington. But there is one thing we can't deny and that is our instinctive craving for music and the tremendous variety of the fare offered today. As in human beings, so in music, there is some good in the worst of it and it is silly to condemn one in favour of another.

The contemporary boogie-woogie addict exemplifies a mentality as immature and childish as his name if he likes nothing but boogie and in the same degree, the strict classicist who exists on a diet of Bach and gags at the music of Debussy or Shostakovitch betrays a mind of limited capacity for enjoyment tho in the end he actually gets more for his money than the boogie addict.

How does one build up a catholic taste in music? Well, first by listening with an open mind and then by reading music history so that one gets a general idea of the styles of the different periods and the instruments and tools at their disposal.

The younger generation with its alert mind and quick perception will easily take to works that have a catchy rhythm, however many years ago they were written. I have yet to find a student who didn't respond to Mozart's "Turkish Rondo" and enjoy it as much as the latest hit tune. The extreme popularity of "Clair de

Lune" will lead the inquisitive student to find out more of the works of the Impressionists (Debussy and Ravel). With the wonderful facilities of phonograph and radio a whole world of sound can be opened to you and the greatest exponents of all types of music are at your fingers ends. There is more to the world than your own back yard. Get in the habit of going to concerts as well as to movies. Listen to symphonies as well as to dance bands, and you will find a more satisfying pleasure in the world of sound.

SCHOOL DAZE

I tried to take one last look back at the snow-capped Rockies, and this being impossible, busied myself collecting my hat, coat, gloves, purse, three bags, the remains of a chocolate box, folded the robe and groped futilely under the seat for my mules. My poor stomach gave a lurch every time I thought of going into this strange city and College approximately 700 miles from home. To pass time and keep myself calm I tried to reconcile myself to the beauty of the flat prairies. Then the first buildings of the city came in sight, and so I swallowed hard and shrugged into my coat.

The station was all a-bustle with people. Porters pushed, carried, and dragged cases, trunks and practically every other kind of a clothes-container around in a mad bustle. Gathering up my courage, straightening my hat, and trying to look very severe and unapproachable I followed the boy with my luggage. He set them down at the main door and stuck a grubby paw out to me and started looking for another customer. All alone I stood there thinking, "Will they have someone meet me?" "Gosh, I wonder where it is and how I get there!" After a half hour's wait I came to the conclusion that I was on my own. I managed to find a nice greasy taxi driver to drive me out to the College, during which trip I suspiciously kept my eye on the poor unsuspecting chap.

Struggling through the front door of good old Mount Royal (on the installment plan) is an experience I never shall forget. However, I did manage to assemble myself on the inside of the door and then began the long wait for somebody, not a teacher, or the dean, but just *anybody* to come along and keep me company in the silent deserted main hall. In a few minutes our French teacher hustled up to me and spoke a few pleasant words of greeting, took me up to be introduced to our Matron (who was busily trying to locate blankets and sheets for us all) and then off to my room where I found a pretty swell someone waiting for me—Pauline, my room-mate. Yes, I got straightened out for the night and finally off

to sleep. We all needed a good rest that night because the next day was the beginning of a new way of life for many resident students of the Ol' Alma Mater. How true, how true!

WENDY.



ALMA MATER WAITS

By Josephine Bailey Doyle

When they come back to stir my lonely campus,
Stripping their service bars for cap and gown,
How shall strained eyes be calmed to peacetime
vision?

How shall their vast unrest be tempered
down?

Give them a book that prates "the art of
living"—

These who have lived at war's tremendous
pace?

Thrill them with hero tales in classic measures—
These who have braved death hourly, face
to face?

May their harsh course in discipline and duty
Brace them to cope with tedious task and
phrase.

May they find youth and something of lost
playtime

In the dear sameness of familiar ways.
So shall the hopes of long-deferred tomorrows
Softens remembrance of grim yesterdays.

Continued from page 44

and fly far beyond the stifling and the dull. Find, if you can, a little of the mystical and the far away, and keep it with you, hidden away in some corner of your heart.

"Wordsworth, who drank of nature as a draught of perfect sweetness. His was the ability to depict peace, and ours is the longing of weariness to find, somehow, the massive, matchless beauty of his lonely hills and valleys. Coleridge—his was the tragic life that left him unhappy, unsettled, always seeking, with his ancient mariner, a path of quiet and rest, but becoming instead a man whose poetry, with its tinge of the ethereal, blazed like a meteor across the dawn of Romanticism.

"When you leave here tomorrow, take with you the love of life, and of a fellow man—that Wordsworth, but learn the lesson of seeking for things taught you, not prosaic but 'inaudible as dreams', from Coleridge."

The old man bowed his head slightly before the storm of applause. For him, the sea of faces had ceased to exist. He, too, had been carried far out into Wordsworth's pastoral mountains—and was finding himself again beside the brook of Green-head Ghyll. He had not only given his message to his students—he had also found one himself.

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Mary Lou: "He said I couldn't whistle and just to show him I pucked up my mouth just as round and sweet and what do you suppose he did?"

Maureen: "How should I know?"

Mary Lou: "The darn fool just let me whistle."

♦ ♦ ♦

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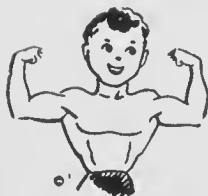
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Mac: "No—I got soaked."

• • •

Mrs. Black: "I'm afraid your son is going to the dogs."

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Kelly: "What was the occasion for the quotation, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Haug: "John Aldon was trying to fix up a blind date for his roommate Miles Standish."

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Mrs. McCready: "The garbage man is here."

Mr. McCready: "My, My, tell him I don't want any."

* * *

Some girls look as if they had been poured into their dress and had forgotten to say "when".



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Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:

"I'd have passed that darn exam if I thought it was worth the effort."



Mr. Free (meeting his class for the first time): "And on this paper I want your names—not your signatures."

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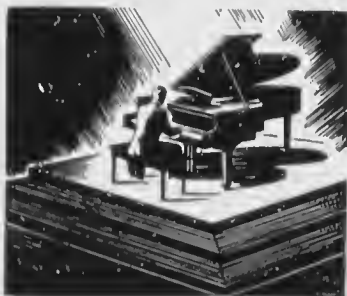
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June Blair has such a vacant stare that a dentist refused to give her gas on the grounds that he couldn't tell when she was unconscious.

* * *

Sawicki: "The next room is on fire."

Mr. McCready: "Why worry me? Am I in the next room?"

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Perry: "My father has chickens that lay eggs with double yolks in them."
Villett: "That's nothing, my father is a bishop and lays cornerstones."



Ted Gee: "My agent tells me that with my voice I should stand out in the movies."

Hart: "Yes, out in the alley."



Brown: "Does Barber make love as if he had had experience with girls?"
Anderson: "Oh yes, he keeps one hand on his wallet all the time."

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